

The Promised Story, The Dark Secret, by Cousin May Carleton, MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING, commences in this number.

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No. 87.

## ISADORE.

BY ARNOLD ISLER.

Life seemeth dreary,  
Wretchedly weary,  
No sweet smiles to cheer me, heart sad and sore;  
Silent and lonely,  
Ah! thinking only  
Of my little darling, sweet Isadore.

Were I but near her,  
Could I but hear her,  
Singing sweet melodies, as in days of yore;  
I'd be a glad lover,  
I walked through the clover  
With my companion rover, dear Isadore.

Bright scenes of pleasure,  
Sweet hours of leisure,  
Earth's rarest pleasure, can not restore—  
She who's dearest,  
Truest, sincerest,  
Sisterly nearest, fair Isadore.

All that I live for,  
Eagerly strive for,  
Hope for, contriv for, nothing more—  
Then when this life ends,  
This saddened strife ends,  
I will be nearer to my Isadore.

Spirit immortal!  
At sea sailor I'll be,  
I know thou waiting, to greet me once more;  
I'll soon reach the river,  
Where we'll join forever,  
To part again never, beloved Isadore!

## The Dark Secret: OR, The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON,  
(MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.)

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE MERMAID.

"Who'er has travel'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
His warmest welcome at an inn."

#### SHENSTONE.

This time—late in the evening of a raw April day, many a year, most probably, before you were born, my dear sir or madam. The scene—a long, black stripe of coast on the Jersey shore, washed by the bright waters of the flowing Hudson.

A low, black, rakish looking schooner, with a sort of suspicious look about it, strikingly suggestive to nautical individuals skilled in reading the expressive countenances of schooners in general, had just come to anchor out in the river, a short distance from the shore; and a few minutes later, had put off from her, and landed two persons, who sprung lightly out; while two more, who had joined them, leaned on their dripping oars, and waited as if for further directions.

"You can go back, now. I don't want you to wait for me. I'll stop at the Mermaid tonight. If I want you, you know the signal; and tell Sharp Bill to keep the uncommon sharp look-out. Come, my little Spanish Jockey o' Norfolk; put your best leg foremost, hoist all sail, and let's bear down on that full-blown craft, Bob Rowle, of the Mermaid inn."

The speaker gave his companion a blow on the back, a passage in his discourse, that sent him reeling, reeling it might; and then, with a coarse laugh, sprung, with more agility than might have been expected from his looks, over the wet, shingly, slippery beach, toward the high-road.

He was a man of some forty-five or fifty years of age, short, brawny and muscular, though not stout, with an extremely large head, set on an extremely short neck, which made up in thickness what it wanted in length. A complexion like unvarnished mahogany, with a low, retreating forehead; a pair of sharp, keen, glittering, hawk-like eyes; gleaming from under thick, scowling brows; a grim, grimacing mouth; and a most unloching do-or-die determination made up of that bold hardy he was associated, in female minds, with the idea of love at first sight. This elegant frontispiece was rendered still further attractive by a perfect forest of underbrush and red hair generally; indeed, there was more hair about his countenance than there seemed any real necessity for; and his tarpaulin hat crowned a head adorned with a violent mat of hair of the same striking color. The gentleman was dressed in an easy, off-hand style, that completely set at defiance all established civilized modes, with nothing about him, save his sailor's hat, to be taken for as a seaman. Yet such he was, and a captain, too: Captain Nicholas Tempest, commander of the Fly-by-Night, at your service, reader.

A greater contrast to the gentleman just described than his companion, could hardly have been found, search the wide world over. He was a slender lad, of not more than sixteen or seventeen apparently, with a face that would have been feminine in its exquisite beauty, but for the extreme darkness of the complexion. Every feature was perfect, as faultlessly chiseled as if modeled after some antique statue. His eyes were large, black and lustrous; his diamonds, his hair crisp, curling hair, of jetty blackness; while his complexion was darker than that of a Crocus. His form was slight, graceful and elegant; his dress odd, picturesque, and foreign-looking, and strikingly becoming to the dark, rich style of beauty. A crimson sash was knotted carelessly round his waist; and a cap of the same color, with a gold band and tassel, and a single black plume, was set jauntily on his dark curls, and gave him altogether the look of a handsome little brigand, just dressed for the stage.

The burly commander of the Fly-by-Night sprang fleetly upon the rocks, followed by the boy, until they left the beach, and struck out on the struggling, unrefined, lonely-looking road, with only one house in sight, as far as the eye could range, and came to a low, dingy-looking place, with a single, dimly-paned window, that stared straight before them with an idiotic, helpless-looking gaze, and a melancholy old door, that creaked and moaned dismally whenever it was touched. Over this door was a flapping sign, with an uncomfortable-looking female painted on it, who held a comb in one hand, and a small pocket mirror in the other, into which she was gazing with an expression of the most violent astonishment, evidently lost in wonder as to how on earth she had ever got there—as she very well might, indeed; for it was an uncomfortable, not to say

distrressing, place for anybody to be, much less a mermaid. A striking trait about this lady was, that after beginning like any other reasonable Christian, she suddenly and impetuously, and without the slightest provocation, saw fit to branch off into a startling tail, which turned up so that the tip stood on level with the head, and left her precisely in the shape of the letter U. Under this extraordinary female was painted, in glaring, yellow capitals, "The Mermaid"; and to the effect that the picture above was a striking likeness of one of those fishy individuals that had been captured by a former proprietor of the inn, while she was combing her sea-green tresses down on the shore. For the truth of the narrative I am not, however, prepared to vouch in this authentic story, as I have only under thick, scowling brows; a grim, grimacing mouth; and a most unloching do-or-die determination made up of that bold hardy he was associated, in female minds, with the idea of love at first sight. This elegant frontispiece was rendered still further attractive by a perfect forest of underbrush and red hair generally; indeed, there was more hair about his countenance than there seemed any real necessity for; and his tarpaulin hat crowned a head adorned with a violent mat of hair of the same striking color. The gentleman was dressed in an easy, off-hand style, that completely set at defiance all established civilized modes, with nothing about him, save his sailor's hat, to be taken for as a seaman. Yet such he was, and a captain, too: Captain Nicholas Tempest, commander of the Fly-by-Night, at your service, reader.

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"Oh, you hav'n't!" growled Captain Nick, slightly mollified. "Well, then, let me give you a piece of friendly advice: don't attempt to provoke me again. You're a passing passage over in my bark, and we're broken up together, and been good friends all along; and I don't know but what I kinder liked you; but still, I tell you, as a friend, don't provoke me, Master Jacinto."

"Really, Captain Tempest, I had no intention of offending you, and regret exceedingly having done so," said the youth, bowing deprecatingly; "but the fact is, I could not, if I would, tell you my plans; for I do not know myself, having formed none as yet. Most likely I shall do as I have always done—trust to luck, and let tomorrow take care of itself."

"A mighty profitable maxim, and a beautiful way of passing through life," said the captain, with a sneer. "Trust to luck, indeed, the slippery jade! No, sir, I wouldn't trust her the length of my nose, and that's none of her longest either."

"Providence, then, if you like that better, Don't you trust in Providence?" said the boy.

"Providence!" said Captain Nick, jerking out his tobacco, with a look of utter contempt. "Paush! don't make me sick. I think I see myself trusting in Providence! No, sir. Since I was knee high to a duck, I've put my trust in something that has never deceived me yet, and that's while one timer of this queer craft of a world hangs together, and I'd advise you, my little Spanish friend, to do the same."

"Indeed! perhaps I may. What is this wonderful sheet-anchor called?"

"Captain Nick Tempest, sir!" said that individual, drawing himself up, and fixing his flashing eyes on his companion's face. "I've trusted in him, sir, and I'll back him against luck and Providence, and all the other sheet-anchors in the world. Luck! igh!" said the

captain, with a look of disgust, as he let fly a last volley of tobacco juice.

The boy would have smiled, but there was a warning gleam in the fierce eyes of the captain that forbade it; so he said nothing, and again they walked on for a short distance in silence, and sulkiness on the part of the gallant commander of the Fly-by-night.

"Is that the inn we are to stop at?" at length inquired the boy, Jacinto.

"Yes," said the captain, with a sultry growl, "that's the inn I'm to stop at. I don't know anything about yours; and what's more, I don't care."

Again that light smile flickered for a moment round the lad's handsome mouth; but it was gone directly, and he was standing with his hand in the captain's arm, and his dark, bright eyes fixed on the surly face, saying in his soft, musical accents:

"Come, Captain Tempest, forget and forgive; that's really worth your while to be angry with me. We have been good friends since the day we left merry England until this; and as there is no telling how soon we may part now, it will never do to quarrel at the last moment."

"Quarrel!" said Captain Nick, contemptuously.

"Quarrel with a little pinch of down like you! I'll be soon quarrel with a woman."

"Not much fear of you and I quarreling, my young shaver!"

"Mrs. Rowlie is per-fect-ly well," slowly articulated Mr. Rowlie, taking a prolonged look at Jacinto, "per-fect-ly well, thank you. Is the men coming up-to-night?"

"Not-to-night. I'm going to swing my hammock here myself to-night. How's trade these times, old buffer? Many customers at the Mermaid?"

"Ye-es," said Mr. Rowlie, deliberately, "ye-es sometimes there is; and then again, sometimes there ain't. Vessels principally bring customers, but they don't stay long, mostly the reverse."

"Well, it's likely to be brisk enough while I stay; my men are the very dicks for spending their money. And now, my fat friend, just let me have something to eat—will you? I feel hungry enough to eat yourself, bones and all, if you were properly stuffed and roasted. Come, Will that do?"

He held out his hand—a small, fair, delicate hand, that no lady need have been ashamed of and looked up, with a pleading face that was quite irresistible, in the gruff captain's face. Captain Nick, with stifled growl, took the boy's hand in his own huge digit, and gave it a crushing shake.

"The boy don't come it over me with your soft-sawder, Master Jacinto! if you please!" he could not help feeling for the handsome boy.

"You've got a sweet tongue of your own; and though it can sting pretty sharply at times, you are always ready to plaster the wound over again with some of that same honeyed-balsam."

"Come, captain, shake hands on it—if I speak impertinently that time, I am sorry for it. Will that do?"

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"Come, captain, shake hands on it—if

the dust off a chair with her apron, and bringing it over to Jacinto. "Do sit down, sir, and make yourself comfortable. Yes, Captain Nick; yes; every thing will be ready directly. Lor' bless me! how excessive handsome that young gent is, to be sure!" said Mrs. Rowlie, *sotto voce*, as she hurried into the *salón*.

"Yes, the man's comin' all over," said Captain Tempest, bitterly. "Let them see a handsome face, and old loves and old friendships are alike forgotten. Curse them all! every young, rich and poor, they are all alike. Even this old fool, now, the moment she sees the handsome face of this young Spaniard, she is ready to forget and neglect me—me who has done more for her than he ever will or can do in his life. And these are the things that men love—men every day stoop to love—any articles of themselves, or all kinds of cherishing vapors—they never was born a woman yet who would not be a viper if she had it in her power!"

It was evidently some inward feeling, in which good little Mrs. Rowlie had no share, that sent Captain Nick Tempest so excitedly from his seat, and caused him to pace with such an angry, ringing tread up and down the little room, his face full of such furious, repressed passion. Mr. Rowlie gazed at him, for a moment, in stolid surprise, and then buried himself in filling a black, stumpy pipe with tobacco; and Jacinto, sitting toying with a little, gray kitten, cast native glances at him from under his brows.

"Smoke?" said Mr. Rowlie, sentimentally, holding out the black, stumpy pipe to Jacinto. "No, thank you; I never do," said the boy, with a half-laugh, as he declined the civility.

Mr. Rowlie said nothing, but immediately clapped it in his own mouth, and was soon puffing away until he could be just faintly observed, loomng up dimly through a cloud of smoke.

"Come, captain," called the voice of Mrs. Rowlie at this juncture; "come, young gentlewoman—I don't know your name," she said, to him apologetically, "but I know the captain is in the inner room." "Or I'll tell you it, I'm sure."

"I wouldn't advise you to try it, if you have any regard for your teeth," said Captain Nick. "Call him Mr. Jacinto, if you like. I forgot his second name, now; but it's a stunner, and would knock you over stiff as a mackerel if you attempted to say it. Draw in, my young heart. One word's as good as ten—cut away. Amen. There's a grace! Now fall to."

And, following precept by example, Captain Tempest immediately "fell to," with an appetite six hours old, and sharpened by the sea-breeze to a terrible exertion. Jacinto partook lightly of Mrs. Rowlie's delicacies, and looked on with something like admiration and awe.

"I say, old woman," said Captain Nick, when business in the supper department began to slacken a little, "when did you see that old wench of Hades—Grizelle Howlett?"

"Let me see," said Mrs. Rowlie, meditatively, looking on her broom. "She hain't been here since I last seen her, since the night you left. No, she ain't—not since then."

"I say, old woman," said the captain, thoughtfully, as he resumed his knife and fork, but in a far different manner than before.

At this moment a sudden bustle in the bar arrested their attention; a sharp, harsh voice was heard, addressing some question to Mr. Rowlie—evidently the voice of a woman. Mrs. Rowlie looked at the captain and uttered an ejaculatory oath, and that worthy mariner dropped his knife and fork, pushed back his chair, and half arose.

"Marecsay?" exclaimed the little woman. "Did you ever? Why, I do declare! If that ain't her own blessed self!"

"I say, old woman," said the captain, in an undertone, and with a grim smile. "Her own *cursed* self, you mean—the old bag! How did she know I was here? I believe there's something of the vulture in that old beldame, and that she scents her prey afar off. By the pricking of my thumbs, some one wicked this way comes! Is *here*?" he cried, as the door opened, and the object of his enigma stood bolt upright before them.

Jacinto turned, in some curiosity, to look at the new-comer; and saw what looked like an old, thin, gaunt, bald-headed man, if judged by size. Extrêmement tall, he towered up in the apartment as straight as a cedar of Lebanon, and fully a head over Captain Nick Tempest. She was dressed in gray—all gray, from head to foot. A coarse gray dress, a gray woolen cloak, with a gray hood tied under her chin, and might have passed for a Capuchin friar, or a "Monk of the Order Gray," only no holy monk, or friar, ever wore such a hard, bitter, evil, untying face, such a stern, remorseless mouth, and such a stony, dead, unfeeling eye, as that of the monk. Upright in the door she stood, and scanned Captain Tempest, with folded arms, for full five minutes.

"Well, Grizelle, my old friend," said that gentleman, with a sneer, "you'll know me the next time, won't you? Can't I prevail on you to come in, and sit down, and make yourself as miserable as possible, while you stay. How have you been since I saw you last, my dear? You can't think how I've been pining for you ever since, my love."

The woman took not the slightest notice of his jibing tone; not a muscle of her iron face moved, nor did she even lift a finger in granite, and looked down upon the contemptuous face of the captain of the Fly-by-Night.

"Oh! so my politeness is all thrown away upon you, is it?" he said, after a pause, "and you won't speak. Very well, my darling; just as you like, you know, and I'll let you. Mrs. Rowlie, will you have the goodness to step out to the bar and bring me a pipe?" Draw up to the fire, Jacinto; it's cold comfort this raw evening, and the entrance of that blust of north wind yonder has given me the chills. My dear Grizelle, do come to the fire—there's a duck. You cold? Well, it's no—I'm sure you are! And stretching out his arm, stare-fashion, and looking toward her, Captain Tempest began dozing distractingly:

"Content thyself, my dearest love. Thy rest at home shall be In Rowlie's sweet and pleasant inn. For travel fits not thee."

There's the old ballad for you, altered and improved; and here's our charming hostess with the pink Jacinto, my hearty, won't you have a dance?"

Jacinto, who was completely puzzled by the captain's eccentric manner, declaim'd and glancing to ward the tall woman, was slightly disconcerted to find her needle-like eyes fixed upon his face with a gaze of piercing scrutiny.

"Who is this boy you have with you, Nick Tempest?" she exclaimed, in a harsh, discordant voice, as she came up, and bending down, seemed piercing the boy through and through with her gleaming eyes.

"Oh! so you have found your tongue, my sweet pet," said Captain Tempest. "I was afraid you had lost it after me, which would be an unspeakable pity, you know. The Irish song says, 'you've got an ill-gentle tongue, and easily set a-going.' As to who he is, his name is Jacinto Mandetti, or something about the size of that, and he comes from old Seville—place where they raise sweet oranges; and he is a good-looking youth, as you perceive, though somewhat of the tawniest. And so, no more at present."

Even through his brown skin, the flush that covered the boy's face, under her pitiless gaze, could be seen, as, with a sudden, sharp flash of his black eyes, he rose indignantly, and turned away.

"Well, I'm glad you've got through looking at him and admiring his beauty, my dear," continued the captain, in the same mocking strain.

"I was beginning to feel a little jealous, you know, seeing the hearts of young and tender females are so easily captivated. Come, sit down here beside me, and tell me how it lay down here has been using you for the last ten months."

"What, devil's deed brings you back now, Captain Tempest?" said the woman, spurning the seat he placed for her away with her foot, and leaning against the mantel.

"Really, my dear Grizelle, your manner of ad-

dress can hardly be called strictly polite; but plainness was always a failing of yours." And he glanced slightly at her forbidding countenance. "I came here to see my friends generally, and to see Mrs. Grizelle Howlett, especially—though the lady's wife has been indifferent, can't say to say too. What malevolent fiend, my dearest, has been poisoning your ears against me during my absence?"

"Pshaw, man! I don't be a fool!" said the woman, impatiently. "Do you know why I have come here to-night?"

"How should I know?" replied the captain.

"Then it was to warn *you*, Captain Tempest; for there is danger at hand. Forewarned is forearmed, they say; so, beware!"

"I don't plagiarize my dear woman. That tramp I met I have heard once before, before, if my memory serves me right, when you and I used to tread the boards of Old Drury every night, and do the heat tragedy. Do you remember those happy days, my chamber, when you were Lady Macbeth and I was the murderer Duncan?"

"Take care the old tragedy is not renewed in real life!" said the woman, with a sharp flash of her eyes. "I can act Lady Macbeth as well to-day as I could then; and," she added, bringing down her clenched hand, fiercely on the mantel, "I feel quite as ready to do it!"

"No doubt of it, my love; no doubt of it. But about this danger with which I am threatened, and which your tender solicitude for my safety has caused you to take up this long and some journey to avert a journey as full of danger, in these troublous times, to a young and lovely female like yourself. Now don't get into a passion, my dear. Where's the use? What wicked person or persons has designs on Captain Nick Tempest now?"

"Come, captain," called the voice of Mrs. Rowlie, "at this juncture: 'come, young gentlewoman—I don't know your name,' she said, to him apologetically, 'but I know the captain is in the inner room.' 'Or I'll tell you it, I'm sure.'

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"Marecsay?" exclaimed the little woman. "Did you ever? Why, I do declare! If that ain't her own blessed self!"

"I say, old woman," said the captain, in an undertone, and with a grim smile. "Her own *cursed* self, you mean—the old bag! How did she know I was here? I believe there's something of the vulture in that old beldame, and that she scents her prey afar off. By the pricking of my thumbs, some one wicked this way comes! Is *here*?" he cried, as the door opened, and the object of his enigma stood bolt upright before them.

Jacinto turned, in some curiosity, to look at the new-comer; and saw what looked like an old, thin, gaunt, bald-headed man, if judged by size. Extrêmement tall, he towered up in the apartment as straight as a cedar of Lebanon, and fully a head over Captain Nick Tempest. She was dressed in gray—all gray, from head to foot. A coarse gray dress, a gray woolen cloak, with a gray hood tied under her chin, and might have passed for a Capuchin friar, or a "Monk of the Order Gray," only no holy monk, or friar, ever wore such a hard, bitter, evil, untying face, such a stern, remorseless mouth, and such a stony, dead, unfeeling eye, as that of the monk. Upright in the door she stood, and scanned Captain Tempest, with folded arms, for full five minutes.

"Well, Grizelle, my old friend," said that gentleman, with a sneer, "you'll know me the next time, won't you? Can't I prevail on you to come in, and sit down, and make yourself as miserable as possible, while you stay. How have you been since I saw you last, my dear? You can't think how I've been pining for you ever since, my love."

The woman took not the slightest notice of his jibing tone; not a muscle of her iron face moved, nor did she even lift a finger in granite, and looked down upon the contemptuous face of the captain of the Fly-by-Night.

"Oh! so my politeness is all thrown away upon you, is it?" he said, after a pause, "and you won't speak. Very well, my darling; just as you like, you know, and I'll let you. Mrs. Rowlie, will you have the goodness to step out to the bar and bring me a pipe?" Draw up to the fire, Jacinto; it's cold comfort this raw evening, and the entrance of that blust of north wind yonder has given me the chills. My dear Grizelle, do come to the fire—there's a duck. You cold? Well, it's no—I'm sure you are!" And stretching out his arm, stare-fashion, and looking toward her, Captain Tempest began dozing distractingly:

"Content thyself, my dearest love. Thy rest at home shall be In Rowlie's sweet and pleasant inn. For travel fits not thee."

There's the old ballad for you, altered and improved; and here's our charming hostess with the pink Jacinto, my hearty, won't you have a dance?"

Jacinto, who was completely puzzled by the captain's eccentric manner, declaim'd and glancing to ward the tall woman, was slightly disconcerted to find her needle-like eyes fixed upon his face with a gaze of piercing scrutiny.

"Who is this boy you have with you, Nick Tempest?" she exclaimed, in a harsh, discordant voice, as she came up, and bending down, seemed piercing the boy through and through with her gleaming eyes.

"Oh! so you have found your tongue, my sweet pet," said Captain Tempest. "I was afraid you had lost it after me, which would be an unspeakable pity, you know. The Irish song says, 'you've got an ill-gentle tongue, and easily set a-going.' As to who he is, his name is Jacinto Mandetti, or something about the size of that, and he comes from old Seville—place where they raise sweet oranges; and he is a good-looking youth, as you perceive, though somewhat of the tawniest. And so, no more at present."

Even through his brown skin, the flush that covered the boy's face, under her pitiless gaze, could be seen, as, with a sudden, sharp flash of his black eyes, he rose indignantly, and turned away.

"Well, I'm glad you've got through looking at him and admiring his beauty, my dear," continued the captain, in the same mocking strain.

"I was beginning to feel a little jealous, you know, seeing the hearts of young and tender females are so easily captivated. Come, sit down here beside me, and tell me how it lay down here has been using you for the last ten months."

"What, devil's deed brings you back now, Captain Tempest?" said the woman, spurning the seat he placed for her away with her foot, and leaning against the mantel.

"Really, my dear Grizelle, your manner of ad-

dress can hardly be called strictly polite; but plainness was always a failing of yours." And he glanced slightly at her forbidding countenance.

"I came here to see my friends generally, and to see Mrs. Grizelle Howlett, especially—though the lady's wife has been indifferent, can't say to say too. What malevolent fiend, my dearest, has been poisoning your ears against me during my absence?"

"Pshaw, man! I don't be a fool!" said the woman, impatiently. "Do you know why I have come here to-night?"

"How should I know?" replied the captain.

"Then it was to warn *you*, Captain Tempest; for there is danger at hand. Forewarned is forearmed, they say; so, beware!"

"I means, if you please, sir," said the woman, dropping a smiling little courtesy, "that it's according to the way you go. If you take the turnpike, it's nigh onto forty miles, but if you go over the mountain, it's ten miles less, sir, if you please."

"Oh," said the stranger, enlightened, and touching his hat gallantly to the old lady in acknowledgment. "I see; but as I am a complete stranger here, I do not know the way over the mountains, and it would rather be inconvenient, not to say dangerous, to break my neck just at present." So, on the whole, I'll take the turnpike, it will do it in five hours. I think, if the horse will do it, it's ten miles less, sir, if you please."

"Well, now, there ain't never no saying about the weather, hereabouts," said the young man, as he alighted, and raising the handle of his heavy riding-whip, knocked loudly and authoritatively at the door; "but be they goblins, kelpies, or earthly sinners, I'll try them, sooner than pass such a night as this is going to be, under the roof canopy of a New Jersey sky." And again he knocked as if he would have beaten down the stout, oaken door.

A moment after, and the sound of bolts withdrawing met his ear; and the next, it swung open, revealing a pale, wan face, and a candle. "Quite right, sir," said the woman, lighting a candle. "This way, if you please."

"Now, the saints alone know what sort of savages live here," said the young man, as he alighted, and raising the handle of his heavy riding-whip, knocked loudly and authoritatively at the door; "but be they goblins, kelpies, or earthly sinners, I'll try them, sooner than pass such a night as this is going to be, under the roof canopy of a New Jersey sky."

"Who are you?" said a harsh, unpleasant voice, that might have belonged either to a man or a woman.

"A traveler caught in the storm, who sought shelter here," he answered promptly.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes; unless you call my horse company."

"Come, and be hospitable enough to let me in. I am able to pay you, as it happens not to be a night's lodgings."

"Enter," said the invisible voice, withdrawing the chain. "One has to be careful who they admit these times; for since the war there have been marauding parties of soldiers knocking about the country, and it makes dangerous for a poor, lone woman to admit every one. Walk in, sir; I'll see to your horse."

"Thank you; I always make a point of doing that myself. I'll accompany you if you'll allow me."

"As you like. Here, Orrie! Orrie!" called the woman, straining suddenly through a door and admitting such a flood of light from the fire—that bleeding hand on the wall. It seemed as if the realization of his fears, so like a ghost risen from the dead to warn him, that he recoiled in horror from the grisly sight, and gazed on it with pretty much the same feelings as Robinson Crusoe gazed on the solitary footprint in the sand.

"The young traveler had stood face to face with the question, and approaching his door, he opened it softly and listened. The door at the foot of the stairs, opening into the kitchen, was ajar, and through it, plainly audible to his ears, came the subdued hum of several voices—men's voices, too.

The young traveler had stood face to face with the question, and approaching his door, he opened it softly and listened. The door at the foot of the stairs, opening into the kitchen, was ajar, and through it, plainly audible to his ears,

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"The young traveler had stood face to face with the question, and approaching his door, he opened it softly and listened. The door at the foot of the stairs

"Now, you'd like to know where them folks on Ettaw's gone to?"

"Can you tell us?" Haxon spoke quickly, eagerly, and grasped the boy's arm.

"Hold on, now, you; that's the on'y coat I've got. Don't you bu'st a hole in it?"

"Tell me what you know about Forde and the girl!" was the impatient interruption.

"That purty gal with the goldy hair an' eyes like indigo?"

"Yes, yes; be quick!"

"Well they've gone out of the city—"

"Bah!" exclaimed Bret, "we knowed that're, long ago."

"Yes; but I reckon you don't know where they've gone," with the air of one who assumes the importance of exclusive knowledge.

"Boy!" Haxon hissed, angrily. "I've paid you to tell me what you know. If you know where the parties have gone, and can put me on their track, I'll give you half a dollar more."

"Will you? Crimminy! Well now they've just gone to Washington, an' nowhere else. That's all."

"To Washington!" two mouths uttered the exclamation simultaneously.

Striking the table a forcible blow with his fist, Bret declared, vehemently:

"By thunder! Haxy, I b'lieve it!"

"How do you know this?" questioned Haxon, with a slight doubt as to the reliability of the information.

"Well, I was sellin' papers right by the winder, down to the depot, las' night, an' I saw 'em. I was clost enough to see 'at the tickets was for Washington. I knew 'em cause I've often lef' a paper at the old gent's house, and there's where I seen his gal, too. Then, to-day, here I see you a-asin' after 'em at the front door; an' I seen you go way mad like, as if you couldn't find what you wanted to. Then, thinks I, Jack—he're stamps! 'cause I knew you was good pay. So, I come after you. An' there's the whole on't." This speech in a brief, concise, comprehensive delivery, that would have been creditable to the argument of a lawyer.

The additional half-dollar was paid over, and the boy departed, counting, in mind, how many *Bulletins* he would buy for that night's sale.

With one impulse, Bret and Haxon left the restaurant.

Without losing a moment, they took a car for Howard street.

Their destination was Washington—their object to find Harden Forde.

Satan favored them, in sending the news-boy—who dreamt not of the harm he was doing—to relieve them of their embarrassment, for, plain it was, that, without the unhooked-for aid, they were completely baffled.

Already, they were hounding after their prey. Once found—Haxon's eyes gleamed like the orbs of a devil, as he anticipated once more grinding beneath his heel, the proud gentleman who had thus far felt but the smoothest sting of the venomous serpent hovering upon his path.

Not alone the fierce ardor of determination to wed Eola now fired the breast of the scheming villain; but with it mingled an inward vow to punish Forde for daring to do him.

They were too late for the first afternoon train, and a tiresome period must elapse ere the departure of the four o'clock cars.

Passing their time, partially in the bar-room and in walking the platform, the time slipped by.

People were purchasing tickets and crowding to their seats.

Bret and Haxon stood upon the hind platform of the last car, watching the thronging passengers, when, suddenly, and at the same moment, the two stood transfix, as if powerless to move a muscle.

That which they saw appeared to startle them.

CHAPTER XXL  
CROSS-PURPOSES

Wat, Blake and the lawyer lost no time in going to Forde's house.

They were not a little surprised to find it closed and dreary-looking (it was one of those old-fashioned buildings which, nowadays, require all the dressing and brilliancy of openness and embellishment, to prevent the passer-by imagining it a historical sepulcher) as if the occupants had deserted it.

"Buried himself, I reckon," said Crewly, surveying the building as though in doubt whether to risk his body inside the doorway. "Looks like he'd been sold out by the sheriff" and now he stood still at the bottom of the steps.

"Come on, Mr. Crewly," said Blake, ringing the bell as he spoke.

"Any danger?" inquired the lawyer, dubiously.

"Danger of what?"

"Bless me! I don't know. But it seems like going into a tomb."

At this point James opened the door. Seeing two strangers, he bowed respectfully.

"Mr. Forde in?" asked Blake.

"No, sir; he is not," in a polite tone.

"Not in! But he will be, shortly? I suppose we may step in and wait until his return?"

"Mr. Forde's left town, sir."

A scarce perceptible frown appeared on Blake's brow; and Crewly, screwing his mouth into its habitual pucker, looked at the servant with the hardest scrutiny of his expressionless eyes. Then the lawyer stroked his chin and said, wisely:

"There's a spider in our dumpling! or, to be idiomatic, our flea's jumped!"

Blake asked no more questions, and turned away.

"How's that for beat?" Crewly inquired, when they had walked a short distance.

Wat, Blake was unusually silent. Forde gone! Did he mean to defy him?—to defy Bertha's order? And, finally, was the object of his flight to escape them, that he might sacrifice Eola?

The reader knows how to answer these questions, but Wat, Blake did not, and his mind was so absorbed that he paid no heed to his companion's remark.

"Umph! lost your tongue, eh, Wat, Blake?"

"Mr. Crewly, I am perplexed"—striving to shake off the unpleasant surmises which volumed in his brain. "I can not think otherwise than that Forde has fled, in order to us and satisfy the demands of Harold Haxon! Yet, how can that be?"—relapsing into his meditative humor—"when he knows we will not permit his escape!—we will not allow the consummation of such villainy!"

"What's the new dodge with them, eh?"

"Why, to have Eola marry Harold Haxon."

"Oh, yes; certainly. I forgot. Excuse me."

"I am in a quandary," pursued Blake; and Crewly inserted, with comical gravity:

"Whether it is better to stay beat, or,

acting, beat the beaters in the game, and prove one's self a plotter for one's good?

See? Now then, wake up. Ahem! No time to lose. Forde's vamosed. So, Logic:

after him, with a jump—

"But how?"

"Ay, there's the rub!" finished Crewly,

in the words of the poet; and he added:

"Now, you see, or you don't see, but you ought to, and maybe you will—they've left town."

"Yes."

"Exactly. And we're to find out where they've gone."

"Yes, yes; but I ask again, 'how?'"

"Well, that's something I can't say."

What little hopes had been inspired by the lawyer's manner were dashed down by these words; and Blake felt a slight anger toward the other for his delusive speeches.

But Crewly had accomplished his object.

Blake was aroused, and he walked along faster.

They repaired straightway back to Mrs. Lerner's boarding-house.

In fact, Blake was very anxious to return there soon; fearing that Bertha might start for Forde's.

She had not gone out when they arrived, and was with Ora, in Austin's room.

Wat, Blake, upon entering, threw himself into the nearest chair, without a word.

He wore a frown, and seemed bent upon maintaining a mysterious silence.

Crewly was, also, silent; but his movements were more elaborate than Blake's. Gently depositing his hat on the table, and standing his umbrella in the corner, he approached a chair, twisted his lank limbs, worm-like, together, and letting his pointed chin fall between his hands—while his elbows were insecurely fixed upon the armrests—he gazed steadfastly at the carpet, as if striving to remind himself of something he could not recollect.

Bertha marked the troubled look on her brother's face, and knew that some unusual circumstance had crossed him.

"Has anything happened, Wat?" she asked, quietly.

"Yes," he said, and the tone was so vehement that Crewly's arm slipped, and that individual jumped all over.

The lawyer's comical figure evidently broke the spell of Blake's half-sullen state, for he added, more calmly:

"Yes, sister, something has happened. Forde has left the city."

She started visibly; and Austin Burns, at mention of the father of his betrothed, listened interestedly.

"Gone, Wat!" Bertha exclaimed.

"Where to?"

"I do not know."

"But did you not ask?"

"Hang it!" said Crewly; "it's all Wat, Blake's fault. No—ahem! we forgot to tell you of his arm slipped, and that will get up?"

Crewly leaped from his seat.

"Good! That's it!" he exclaimed. "Let me up, Doctor Quideley! Clear out, all of you. Fly! Let him up!"

Whether it was to oblige Austin, or whether she meant to visit Forde's house, Bertha ran forward to meet her brother.

Wat, Blake now changed his remonstrances to words of caution, lest the wound might take a fresh start and begin to bleed.

Christopher Crewly disappeared.

But the lawyer soon returned, saying he had a cab at the door.

He partook of the general excitement—his hat perched on the back of his head, long coat flying loosely, and umbrella occasionally flourishing aloft, he danced, jumped, squirmed around them, in a half-frantic state.

Austin was placed inside the vehicle, with Bertha, Ora and Wat, Blake, and with a defiant snarl at Dr. Cauley, the lawyer mounted to a seat beside the driver, saying:

"Now, go like the deuce!—only be very careful! Go! Avoid the ruts! Go! Take the railroad track! Skoot!"

Arrived at Forde's house, James answered the violent pull at the bell. Austin Burns, supported by Blake and Crewly, stood on the steps.

"James," cried the young man, hot with the determination to learn of Eola's whereabouts, "where is Mr. Forde?—where is Eola?" Answer me! I am not to be trifled with. Tell him quickly, too. You know me; and I tell you, James, if I do not obtain the information I seek, there shall be suffering."

And weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!" put in Crewly, with a scowl at James.

Quite unexpectedly, the servant said:

"I'll tell you, Mr. Burns; but I wouldn't tell anybody else."

"Then be quick!—quick!" Austin's impatience was without bounds.

"Do you hear?—quick!" said Crewly, resolved to have a word.

"Well, Miss Forde gave me a letter for you, Mr. Burns—"

Without more ado, James produced the letter, and, in a second, Austin was reading as follows:

"DEAR, DEAR AUSTIN:

"To escape—what, I can not say—father and I have gone to Washington. I must see you, for my poor heart is nearly breaking, and my strength failing, under a great tax that I can not now explain. Follow me as soon as you can. Your own EOLA."

Wat, Blake said, rapidly:

"Up, brother; up and off! Oh! don't lose a moment. He must not escape us.

He must be tracked!—tracked! Eola is in danger!—my child! Will you not go?" and she clasped her white hands to her throbbing temples, as if a sudden pain had centered there to agonize her.

Wat, Blake arose. Crewly, anxious to be on hand in every thing, squirmed from his seat and, in his eagerness to depart, very nearly forgot both hat and umbrella.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, wriggling back across the room; "can't go bare-headed, much, you know; positively. Excuse me," and he followed Blake, with two-yard strides.

"What was that I heard you say of Harden Forde?—and Eola?" inquired Austin, when the two had gone.

Ora had remained a silent spectator of all that passed, and said nothing now.

For some moments, Bertha seemed unable to calm herself. Then she advanced to his bedside, and told him all: how Harold Haxon was determined to wed Eola, and the power used by the villain to grind Forde to his will. But while she told him of the false prophetess, and the latter's league with Louise Ternor, she was, at the same time, careful not to speak of herself or her sufferings. Neither did she acquaint Austin with his identity.

"And this, then," murmured the young man, "is why Harden Forde cast me off?"

"It is. But be of good cheer, Austin; you will be righted soon, if Heaven does not desert us in this trying moment. Oh! why don't they come back? Why don't they come?"

His excitement had given place to extreme nervousness, and Ora, with soothing words, strove to calm her.

"Patience, dear mother," she said, her bright blue eyes beaming and her ripe lips wreathing a smile of encouragement; "all will yet be well, I am sure. Try and calm yourself, for my sake."

Bertha kissed the pure brow of her child, and tried to be patient.

Austin was reflecting deeply upon the story he had heard. And in his thoughts dwelt an impatient count of the hours he would be compelled to lie there, idle and helpless, while Eola—his own dear prize—was threatened by the machinations of a heartless, desperate, ay, *blood-thirsty* villain; for Bertha had named the wretch who committed the murderous assault at the Fayette street bridge.

"What's the new dodge with them, eh?"

The young man's reveries were interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Cauley. Feeling Austin's pulse, the physician said, gravely:

"Madam, there's something wrong. Um! young man's excited—considerably excited. Whether it is better to stay beat, or, acting, beat the beaters in the game, and prove one's self a plotter for one's good?"

See? Now then, wake up. Ahem! No time to lose. Forde's vamosed. So, Logic:

"I want air," said Austin, who could think of nothing but Eola; "I am nearly choking! I must get up!"

"Choking! Wonderful! Get up? Ridiculous! Madam, has he been eating any thing injurious? Strange case—very remarkable! Left him improving this morning; now he's in a high state of excitement. Dangerous! Madam, I ask what's the matter?"

"Dependancy oftentimes chills the lips and paralyzes the voice; and Bertha, in striving to be calm, had grown despondent.

She only looked at him and smiled as she shook her head; while he rattled on:

"Young man, retain your—hold wrist still—senses, and—wait till I tell you your pulse again!—explain what's—very queer case!—the matter, eh? Extraordinary!

"Wat, Blake and Christopher Crewly at that juncture.

At sight of the physician, the lawyer extricated himself, and the whole

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## THE DARK SECRET!

With this issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we commence the long-promised and truly STAR SERIAL, from the pen of

Cousin May Carleton,  
(Mrs. May Agnes Fleming),  
viz.:

**The Dark Secret!**  
which, in several respects, must be regarded as one of the most finished and perfect of all the author's productions. The copyright of

## THE DARK SECRET,

we secured some time since, confident that its author never would produce a more powerful work. We had determined to use it with the beginning of the New Year; but, desiring not to interfere with the issue, by a cotemporary, of a story by the same author, we now give it place.

## THE DARK SECRET

combines in itself two or three concurrent romances, each with its distinct set of characters and acts, but all of which are so subtly interwoven that the novel must be pronounced a marvel of inventive skill! and a splendid triumph of literary art. In originality of conception, in strength of character and power of *motif*, it is not too much to affirm that

## THE DARK SECRET

is equal to the best of all Wilkie Collins' works—"The Woman in White"; while, in its exquisite humor and oddity—in the reckless abandon of its prime hero, a young woman in the sustained interest of its mystery and novel relations, it far transcends any thing that the great English romancer has yet produced. Its characters, old Captain Nick Tempest—the mysterious Spanish lad, Jack, the old Hecate, Mother Grizzel—Captain Jack, the daring and beautiful little mistress of the Manor—the Earl's brother, the gallant young Guardsman—the child, Oriole, etc., etc., all are such as will render

## THE DARK SECRET

one of the most telling and sought-for stories of the year.

## Our Arm-Chair.

**Eyebrows.**—Of course there is great expression or "language" in the eyebrows. To the shrewd physiognomist they reveal more of what is in the person's thoughts and feelings than any other single feature.

"The eyebrows alone," said Lavater, the prince of physiognomists, "often give the positive expression of the character." "Part of the soul," says Pliny, the elder, "resides in the eyebrows, which move at the command of the will." Le Brun, in his treatise on the passions, says, "that the eyebrows are the least equivocal interpreters of the emotions of the heart and of the affections of the soul."

No formal instruction, or dictionary of expression, can be given—each person's expression being his or her own alone. But, what the eyebrows say can soon be learned by a careful study of each subject.

**The Tallest Men.**—Statistics obtained during the late war, by Prof. Gould, by careful collaborations from the Army Register of two and one-half million of men, give us some curious and suggestive data. As for instance:

"Men gain their maximum stature at different ages in different States. After thirty-five the stature begins to decrease. Foreigners are in the average, smaller than native born Americans. But, what is very singular is ascertained that, as we go to the West men grow taller. Out of the million of men enlisted west of the Alleghenies there were five hundred who measured more than six feet four inches, but men of such stature do not wear well. In Maine men reach their greatest height at twenty-seven, in New Hampshire at thirty-five, in Massachusetts at thirty-one. The tallest men, of sixty-nine inches, come from Iowa. Maine, Vermont, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota and Missouri give us men of a little over sixty-eight, and the average of all shows the Americans to be a very tall people."

**What Constitutes a MS.**—A lady friend, whose contribution we were constrained to return as "imperfect," asks us, "What constitutes a perfect manuscript?" We may say, speaking generally, that good grammar, correct orthography and precision of punctuation are prime essentials. A secondary essential is a good style, or force and clearness of expression. A desirable quality is good chirography, penned on white paper, so as to be easily read. Bad chirography, or close, crowded lines, are an editor's and printer's horror, and many manuscripts hard to read, are given the "go-by" simply because the editor has not the time, or patience, to *work out* their meaning.

**Burst His Buttons Off.**—Some people are so matter-of-fact, that a joke is incomprehensible to them, and as for humor—why, they wonder why in the world the Insane Asylums don't seize Mark Twain, Josiah Billings, Whithorn and Beat Time. Such people are as methodic as machines and as unimpressive as oxen. A scorched and half-dead tree is just as beautiful, in their eyes, as a tree in full verdure, and the music of tom-cats is as agreeable as the songs of birds. They go through life with one-half of their nature hermatically sealed—the smiling, joyous, genial half; and when they die people may sigh but do not mourn long.

There is another class, however, which comprises a vast majority of the human race, that loves the humorous as a fish loves purring waters, or birds love whispering trees. They love to laugh, and, even in sorrow or trouble welcome a word that will provoke a smile. To

this class our humorists are a special delight. Every mail is likely to bring to us such letters as this one now before us, from Marbridge, Conn.:

"If it will not be telling tales, I should very much like to know Washington Whitehorn's *real name*. Whenever I have an attack of the blues, I read one or more of his 'papers'—enough to thoroughly dissipate the attack. I recently read several of his 'Episodes' to a friend, and I really thought he

would burst his buttons off And expire in his glee!"

Washington is a public benefactor, notwithstanding he does leave his washing bills unpaid, and eats the preserves contributed to the Timbuctoo Mission. At present, he prefers that his identity should remain "in a horn," as enemies, envious of his fame, might wreak fearful vengeance on him for some of his Starling Exposures.

## HAPPINESS.

WERE you to propound the query of "What is true happiness?" I think you would hardly get two answers alike, because each one of us has a separate idea of the same.

The child's happiness consists in its looking forward to the time when it shall be free from parental restraints, and roam about just as it has a mind to. It thinks there will be nobody to scold it then, and it will be as good as "grown-up folks." What a pity it should be disappointed when it becomes older—that the delicious fruit should turn out to be "Dead Sea apples."

The editor would be happy if all manuscript sent to him was legibly written, and contained a good plot, well carried out, strikingly original, and the author did not want an immense price for it. But I regret to state that these "foretastes of heaven" are few and far between. They have too much wading through of sickly nonsense to do, and then have to decline it.

The lover does not care a straw for all the MSS. in the universe, unless it be in the shape of love missives from his inamorata; his happiness lies in her society—in the moonlight rambles, the low, sweet talk, and the pleasing answer of "Yes" to his all-important question of "Will you be mine?"

Then there's the rich Millificent Rivers, looking forward to a brilliant wedding, plenty of presents, plenty of money and a life of pleasure. That's her idea of happiness.

And the poor sewing-girl, Addie Sidney—she has no future that looks bright. It is all slavery to her. Day after day must she go through the same drudgery. But an end will come to it, when her body is carried into the "city of the dead," and her happiness consists in looking forward to that long and last rest.

The gossip luxuriates in some new piece of scandal to set afloat on the air, and the more damaging to a person's character, the greater happiness does she take in spreading it. Fertile imaginations are these gossip-sists (?) with; for, if the story isn't quite bad enough, they can add a little to it. I never could understand the happiness won in making another person miserable.

An actor finds his happiness in the applause of his audience. It is singular how the clapping of hands and stamping of feet give a person encouragement; but it will.

Now, I suppose I ought to tell you where the happiness of an author comes in. It's striking near home, to be sure, but—never mind. Well, we desire to have good ink, pens that won't travel over the paper with the spring halt, paper that will not be full of specks, ideas that are not second hand, a good editor, who will

"Be to our faults a little blind,  
And to our merits very kind."

one who will not cut out our best ideas, but will call the manuscript "excellent" and immediately send us a crisp greenback. Then we want a printer who will set up our copy all correct.

But all these things are a sort of selfish happiness. It is all Number One, but decidedly like human nature. It would be better for us to look after Number Two a little more, and have our happiness consist in making others happy. Bless your hearts, there is real pleasure in that—pleasure that will be lasting, pleasure that will benefit yourselves and others, too. And it costs so little; a kind word here and a good deed there are not things to cause you a great deal of labor. It will employ many an otherwise idle moment, until you will long for other objects on which to bestow your attention, and it will make you find what you have vainly sought for before—true happiness. But don't get discouraged if your kindness is not appreciated, because the poor are not used to an overflow of goods and, they are often a stranger to me.

## AT SUNSET.

Was it real, or did I only fancy it? Far away beyond the low-lying moor, dim with gathering mist, far away beyond the hills, through which came glimpses of the sea lying in golden light, beyond that glorious sea itself the half-sun seemed to hang a moment on the horizon ere its splendor should be wholly withdrawn to cheer the mystic shores of that unseen and unknown world of the west. Only a moment, and the drifting clouds above it—forming a triumphal arch for the passage of the fairest day that ever brightened above my life—took the sunset, and the western sky became one grand, Hesperian blossom. Only a moment and in that moment that seemed to hasten its sands there came out of the gate of the sunset, floating over the sea, and over the hills, and over the moor, something sweeter than music, something stiller than song; a die-away, something, sweet, half-heard, and tremulous, faint at the vesper music of Elfinland borne on some wandering wind over the sea and over the hills and over the moor, dying at my ear; and it seemed softer than a whisper which memory comes back with from the eras of old when love was at fault, and that whisper

Was it fancied or real?

And my mind filled with ancient awe when I thought of the sweet mythologies and all the old Merlin prophecies that will forever haunt the sunset and the western sea; and I thought those mirage-clouds seemed reflections of the Blessed Isles that drift forever in a sea of calm where no man's ship can sail, above which the sun sleeps, and where on golden beaches wander the passionless crowds of immortality; and they ought to shock, whose scorn they ought to provoke. Must they appeal to women as their abettors? Alas! that indifference, ease, indifference, recklessness, should have the face to say for a moment that Americans give them countenance. Alas!

that goes before it; and I imagined that what I seemed to hear and that song might be the same.

And as I leaned there upon my window sill, while the sunset still stained my western panes, and my heart was burning with the days *memento mori*, and all the sense of my life was thrilled with that nameless tone or token as if it were a summons from Heaven, my spirit seemed to strive with its clay, longing to burst its bands and wing its way over the moor, and over the hills, and over the sea, and far on and farther into that sunset silence, between those clouds that seemed like islands of fire adrift in a mist of golden spray, only to hear it again.

But the moment's sands were running; the hues faded from my window panes; the glory was gone from the distant sea; the clouds drifted, wan and homely again, across the western gray and the sun was down; and, trying to remember that music that must forever be forgotten, I leaned upon my sill like one who wakes at morning from dreaming something sweet of something he never shall know.

There was music on the night,  
Far away and faintly swelling,  
From what realms of spheres high!  
From what realms of spheres high!  
From what realms of spheres high!  
From what realms of spheres high!

Did my spirit seek  
On the search of strange hither,  
While the old strain it strong to plead  
Still with Heaven's golden weather?

Oh, that I had caught the theme—  
That a tone I might have taken,  
And, assured, it was no dream,  
Felt my soul with joy awaken.

A. W. B.

## WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN?

This question has intruded itself on my mind a great many times, but never more frequently than of late, and I am fast coming to the conclusion that the whole race of men are becoming extinct, so often do I hear the term "gentleman" applied, as it seems to me, indiscriminately. I used to imagine that every person to whom the title was applied was a gentleman, but I have since discovered my mistake.

Is a man a gentleman when he profanes the air with an oath? when he stands puffing the smoke from his cigar into the face of every lady who passes him? Suppose he wears fine clothes, kid gloves, and carries a cane. I have often thought that the cane could be put to a much better use if it were in the hands of a sensible person.

I have frequently seen, riding in our street cars, a species of "scented fops," who, when the car stops and an aged lady enters, become suddenly and apparently very much interested in their newspapers. Are they gentlemen? If a young lady were to enter the car, dressed in the light of fashion, they would spring almost simultaneously, from their seats, with a bow and a smile "childlike and bland," and a "please take my seat," thinking, no doubt, that they had performed a praiseworthy action.

Shall we be compelled to acknowledge every rogue a gentleman because he wears glittering jewels in his shirt front and on his fingers? Because he wears the most fashionable clothes, and carries a handkerchief highly scented with Lubin's and Phalon's latest extracts? In short, because his pockets are well lined with money, shall we spoil the word gentleman by applying it to him? No matter if he does belong to the "upper ten thousand"—he is a rogue, nevertheless.

Is a man a gentleman when he stands on a street corner and passes insulting remarks upon every lady's appearance who passes him? Stop and think, young man, before you begin to practice such habits. Think of your sisters, if you have any, who are exposed to a similar fire of insults from other "corner loafers."

There are men, in working clothes, hard hands and rough shoes, who would scorn to pollute the air with an oath, or puff smoke in a lady's face; who would rush, unhesitatingly, into any danger to assist a sufferer; yet who calls them gentlemen? Very few, I'm afraid; but if anybody possesses the elements of a true gentleman, such a man does.

A true gentleman is above a mean word or action; he tramples upon or wounds nobody's feelings, and he possesses what money cannot buy, no matter whether he wears broadcloth or shoddy, which is "an honest heart and a clear conscience."

A great many men are unconscious of the time of their performance of actions which, if they were to be considered in their proper light, ought to banish them from decent society.

Among these actions may be mentioned the filthy habit of spitting large quantities of tobacco-juice upon the floor of omnibuses, cars, and, in fact, everywhere. Such conduct is not characteristic of a gentleman, and ought not to be tolerated for a moment.

There is so much of the false in our adoption of the word gentleman that I should be glad to give it up, and honor the good, true and the brave with the single term "Man." The word gentleman is too broad now in its application to be much of an honor.

JAMES B. HENLEY.

## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

A GRAVE responsibility rests on women here. They are not doing their duty. Why is society coarse and flippant? Why do young men seek the company of meretricious women? Why do gentlemen frequent the club, the billiard-room, the theater? Why are gentlemen reluctant to go into company, preferring the evening newspaper or the evening nap on the sofa? These young men, wandering away into temptation, are they not a reproach to the women who ought to draw them within the reach of their fascination? The mighty frequenters of the club-house and billiard-rooms, and of worse places, are they not a reproach to the women, the charm of whose society ought to make it impossible to waste the evening hours in foolishness? The crowded haunts of dissipation cry out against the dark and silent parlors which should be alive with happy guests, delighting and improving each other.

Most social prejudices, absurd customs, stupid and illiberal habits, instituted follies, established evils, organized wrongs, exist by the sufferance of women, whose delicacy they ought to shock, whose scorn they ought to provoke. Must they appeal to women as their abettors? Alas! that indifference, ease, indifference, recklessness, should have the face to say for a moment that Americans give them countenance. Alas!

that a mean consideration should claim women on its side! Alas! that the bitter words, "Praity, thy name is woman," should ever be spoken now. No, no. Be it the privilege of our women to disprove them! Be it the privilege of our American women to substitute for them better words, like these: Truth, thy name is woman. Intelligence, thy name is woman. Agreeableness, thy name is woman. Purity, simplicity, earnestness, thy name is woman! We can say this, or something like it, we shall be unable to say that society is what it ought to be, or that women are faithful to their duties in society. C. T.

## Foolscap Papers.

### The Discovery of America.

FOR many ages Europe had been overrun by vague reports of the existence of a new world beyond the Atlantic, where freedom of speech was allowed and the Constitution guaranteed the utmost liberty to all who could maintain it—of a vast undiscovered land, divided into States, with a Governor to each and a President over all—of a country where you could get all the money you'd want, provided you didn't want much, merely by working, and then—waiting a good while for it; a land where official positions meant plenty of money and no questions asked. The Europeans had also faint ideas that the aborigines, or people inhabiting this glorious unknown country, had a Congress where they would send the most unmanageable to get rid of them, and there was centered the wind from the four quarters of this land, and there these grand sachems whirled the torch of war, or smoked the pipe of peace, and drank the wine of contention, and slept. They had also dim evidence that it was a land of railroads, and telegraphs, and divorces, and monitors, and Ku-Klux, and cotton, and Wall street, and whisky roads, and Fifteenth Amendments, and court-houses, and everything else in disproportion.

But, as yet, no European had visited it and every man doubted the truth of all these reports except one, and his name was Columbus, and he was born in the city of Genoa. This man maintained the world was round (for which the people thought his head wasn't square), and that this country so much talked about was rather on the other side, and if he sailed due west he would reach it, and if he kept on sailing, he would come out where he started. Isinard and Ferdinand were at that time Kings of Spain, and to them he applied for an outfit to reach America. They said it was impossible to do anything of the kind. He said it was no more impossible than to make an egg stand on end. They said that couldn't be done. He said, "Bring me an egg and I will show you an eggs-ample!" The queen ran out to the barn and came back with an egg. Columbus broke one end of it, stuck out the contents, and stood it upon the table, remarking that it was very easy if you only knew how—a remark that boasts of an extended modern circulation. They immediately gave him three small steamers, whose boilers were very frail. He wanted them to charter the Great Eastern so that he could go over in one ship instead of having to go over in three; so he set sail and steamed out of a port in Spain, while a good many of his creditors followed him on the wharf, weeping, and wishing him a safe journey back.

All this was in (to be very precise) 1492, I forget which; but it was somewhere near that, and he sailed, and sailed, and sailed, and he still sailed, and his stock of old rye running short, his crew got discouraged and swore they would get out and walk back, but he told them to hold on a little longer, although he felt a little disengaged himself and half-wished he had followed the route of the Atlantic cable, for then he would have been surer of his track. Storms swept over his little vessels and沉没ed all to little bits of flinders, and drowned all the crews, and even Columbus himself, but even that didn't discourage him; he was bound to keep on his course and discover that wonderful land, if there was any left, that hadn't been subsidized by railroad corporations, to be discovered; for he had an eye to

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## MOTHERLESS.

BY EBEN REED.

Two children sitting all alone,  
With twilight shadows round them grown.  
And one, a baby, cries, to miss  
His mother's arms and mother's kiss.  
"Hush, dearie," says the other one,  
As gently as she would have done.  
"Dear mother's dead. She went away  
To heaven, I heard the preacher say.  
She can not come to us, you know,  
Because the angels love her so."  
Dear child, you do not comprehend,  
How life and death together blend?  
Though dead, your mother hovers near  
Her children, now grown doubly dear.  
She loves you, and her love will stir  
Your souls, and draw them on to her.  
You never are alone, for she,  
Your angel, always near will be,  
To guide and guard your feet, and make  
Dear heaven more dear, for her sweet sake.

## How He Was Cured.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A SPACIOUS apartment, whose walls were richly painted, and whose lofty ceiling was hung in fluted draperies of orange-satin; an Axminster carpet on the floor that cost enough to have built and furnished a cottage for a poor man; sofas, arm-chairs, ottomans, lounging-nests of black rosewood, upholstered in orange-satin and deep, thick bullion fringe; buhl cabinets; inlaid silver and ebony brackets; marble pedestals for the bronzes and statuettes that were arranged with such unstudied artistic grace. It was the drawing-room in a palatial mansion on Fifth Avenue, owned and occupied by a young man of luxurious, aesthetic tastes, whose balance at his banker's was large enough to indulge his extravagant habits; a frank, fashionable, handsome young fellow, whom no amount of petting and flattery had spoiled. Just now, this lordly young Travice Leviston—that was his name—was reclining in one of those orange-satin lounging-nests, very much at his ease, with his No. 5 1/2 booted foot on the steel fender of the grate, and a fragrant cigar in his mouth—a handsome mouth it was too, with its white, regular teeth, that did not at all remind you of the dentist's handiwork, perfect though they were, and a bright, heavy brown mustache, that matched his eyes and hair.

"I mean just what I say, Craven, and when I insist that I wouldn't be introduced to her for all the wide world, and what it contains, perhaps you'll believe me."

He leaned lazily back, blowing smoky rings out of his mouth.

"And I say it's a prejudice unworthy of you, Leviston, and your usually liberal views."

"Look here, Tony Craven," and Travice turned his eyes around so he commanded his companion's face. "Just let me remind you, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of one of these wonderful women once upon a time—an authoress, it was, whom some smitten fellow or other wanted to me about until I caught the fever, and—went like a lamb to the slaughter. Heavens, Craven, that authoress—a sketch-writer for some of our leading weeklies, too!—you ought to have seen her!"

For the life of him, Craven had to laugh, so lugubrious Travice Leviston's face had grown.

"That may be, old fellow; but this lady I want you to meet is not an authoress, or an actress, or even a—

"But she's ten million times worse than, or all! Bless you, the very word 'doctress' sends cold shivers down my back-bone! Why, I'd die like a puppy before I'd let one of 'em touch me!"

And Mr. Leviston began a promenade in the long room, his feelings becoming too much for him.

"Yes, Miss Hammond is a doctress—but such a lovely girl! such eyes!—why, Travice, they remind me of—of—"

"None of your sentimental now, Craven! I tell you that tall, slim, watery-eyed authoress finished me; and I'll consent to be chopped up for sausage-meat before I'll ever speak to another of these brazen, unwomanly 'professionals.' Besides, Craven—" and Leviston drew a long breath, and glanced deprecatingly at Craven—"I've seen my ideal, you know; met her on Lexington Avenue, a week or so ago, driving along in the most stylish little phaeton I ever saw—blue velvet cushions and blue hangings. The way she handled the ribbons was simply perfect, Craven; nobody but a thorough horseman could have managed that black pony."

Roscoe Craven smiled—with a trace of sarcasm in it.

"Fast, most likely, Travice!"

"Fast!" returned Leviston, indignantly. "I tell you she was a perfect lady, in act and appearance. Such bewildering golden-brown hair—"

"There, no sentiment, you know, Leviston. Have a seat in my coupe, up to Delmonico's, for lunch? He's got some of the finest lobster, *a la coqueline*, I ever tasted."

Farmer Durand's farm-house was a long, low stone building, with windows overrun with fragrant roses, and innumerable trellises hidden by a perfect bloom of star-eyed clematis and the waxy trumpets of woodbine. It stood on the edge of a gentle slope, a very bower of rural beauty, that commanded a view of Long Island Sound just in front, dotted with white sails.

"Well, Leviston, how do you like it by this time? Or is two weeks too little a while to judge in?"

"Don't ask me how I like any thing! I feel as savage as a meat-ox, with this confounded, mean, miserable headache, that must have come at Satan's own instigation."

He was lying at full length on a rustic bench just on the edge of the green slope, his handsome face flushed and weary.

"Hasn't it got better, then? You don't look well, that's a fact, Travice."

Craven looked anxiously down at him.

"I can't bear anybody to look at me when I'm not well, Roscoe—don't! There—I'm as cross as a sick bear, ain't I? But you'd be, too, if your head felt as if a ton of lead were crushing your brains in. My heart beats, too."

"Does it? That's something very remarkable. It seems to me, mine does, too."

"Humph! You know what I mean, well enough. I will go to my room and lie down awhile."

He walked to the house in a tired sort of way that hurt Craven to see, and he threw

away his half-smoked cigar (an immense sacrifice that, to some men) and followed him.

"You are sick, Travice. Mr. Durand must ride over to Elm Cove for a doctor."

"Well," Leviston assented, languidly, and then good Mrs. Durand came in with an armful of lavender-scented linen.

"One must take some comfort in life," said the youngster, appearing to be under the weather somewhat, Mrs. Durand. "Who's your physician—is he skillful?"

"Skillful? Bless your dear hearts, gentlemen, I never see anybody have the bilious fever so bad as my man, and the way she brought him through was beautiful!"

But her praise was lost on Travice, who fairly screamed out:

"She, was it? Well, don't you bring any of her here—mind from Craven?"

"But, Dr. Lillian Hammond is a proper smart woman, now, Mr. Leviston. You'd ought to see how she raised Mrs. Smith's baby with the cholera infant!"

"What the devil what do I care about Mrs. Smith's baby? Craven, go straight for Dr. Ellis, at the Cove—mind now!"

Travice was talking loudly and excitedly, and it was patent that a fever of some sort was setting in, so Craven started off without further ado.

But Dr. Ellis and his partner were both away on a vacation, and there was no one to help poor Travice but this Dr. Lillian Hammond, who was rusticking and working, both at once, in the quiet little village.

So Craven was forced to take her with him, and on the way, being acquaintances, he amused her with the story of her patient's prejudice. She laughed, and declared that was one of the first symptoms she had to deal with, generally.

At the sick-room door Mrs. Durand met them, and explained that Travice was as "crazy as a loon," which was a slight relief to Craven, in one sense.

With gentle, skillful, yet strong hands, Miss Hammond quieted him as he tossed restlessly; and then, when she had prepared his medicine, with her own hands bathed his hot forehead and dry hands.

"An angel—an angel, with such a cool touch; the same I saw in the pony phaeton, whose blue hangings matched the bright, gold hair. Craven! I say, Roscoe!—that strong-minded female who killed the Smith baby with a cholera infant ain't coming here, you know! Dr. Ellis, you're a skillful man—a skillful man. Give me your hand!"

And Travice clasped Craven's hand in his hot grasp.

"Oh, how hot your hand is! Where's that golden-haired girl I saw in the pony phaeton? Wasn't she here just now?"

And this lovely, bronze-haired girl, who was soothed Travice Leviston, blushed from her forehead to her very finger-tips.

"It is a strange coincidence, Miss Hammond, isn't it?"

"Hush, Mr. Craven! voices excite him. He is going to have the typhoid fever."

And, all through those six long weeks that followed, Miss Hammond kept daily watch and ward over him, until one day when she said he would awake to consciousness before sunset; then she had sudden, pressing engagements elsewhere.

But the sick man missed her at once; and in his weak, nervous condition, Mrs. Durand and Craven told him of a friend of theirs—a "Lillie," who had dropped in to take care of him.

And willful Travice insisted on having her come again. So she came, radiant in her sweet, fresh beauty, so retiring in her womanly grace; and the moment Travice saw her he knew her for the ideal he had loved so long, in health and sickness.

" Didn't I see you often, driving in a blue-lined pony phaeton, Miss Lillie?" he asked, after he was able to sit up by the sunny window—it was October, now.

And she flushed deliciously, as if ashamed to acknowledge she had as well seen him.

"I think it is likely; my phaeton is trimmed in blue."

He was in love with her, and no doubt, this lovely girl, who was so gentle and charming. And one day when she came in his room, he told her so, in the ardent, willing way that went straight to her heart.

"But, I've a secret to tell before I can answer. May I tell it?"

He laughed, and nodded yes.

Very gravely—for how would this affect them? she took a card from her case and silently laid it on his knee.

He started, blushed like a woman, then glanced beseechingly at her eloquent face.

The card read: "Lillian Hammond, M. D."

The tears rushed to her eyes.

"Travie, Travie, my darling! don't hate me for it!"

"Hate you—hate you, my savior! my own, my own!"

And in that silent embrace that followed, she knew it was for life and death that she was truly "his own."

N. B.—Mrs. Travie Leviston did not "resume the practice of her profession" after her marriage.

## Adria, the Adopted:

OR,

The Mystery of Ellesford Grange.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,

AUTHOR OF "BRANDEZ," "SEA HARVEST," "NYMPHIA'S BRAVERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

Colonel Templeton was in his library. It was a light, cozy nook fitted with shelves and cases, a desk, a table, and one or two lounging-chairs. It communicated with a suit comprising sitting and breakfast-rooms, but the folding-doors belonging to this immediate apartment had been double; professedly in consideration that Colonel Templeton's ready cash was always stored in his desk rendering the necessity of security; probably to insure his private consultations from eavesdropping propensities of his retainers.

He glanced up as his son entered, but continued his work of assorting loose papers which littered the table before him. He was a methodical man of business. The bills and receipts properly packaged and labeled, he turned with sharp scrutiny to Reginald, who was still standing.

The young man was looking heavy-eyed and haggard. His hair was disheveled and dress carelessly worn. Truth to tell he had slept none the previous night, and had come in daylight from a scene of bacchanalian revelry. But he inherited his father's iron

constitution, and the excesses which would have utterly debased most of men told but slightly on him.

"You are dissipating too heavily, Reginald," said his father calmly. "A befogged brain will never accomplish your object."

"One must take some comfort in life," returned the other doggedly. "I think you will find me clear enough to comprehend any thing you may wish to impart."

There was but little sympathy between the two. They were much alike; pitiless, unyielding, unscrupulous. Their dispositions tallied nearly as cynical middle-age and impulsive youth can.

"Sit down," said the older man, pointing to a chair into which Reginald sunk gloomily. "If we are to co-operate in any particular we must reduce the matter to a purely business arrangement, and so regard its different phases. You still retain your desire to marry the girl, Adria Ellesford?"

"I believe it is not a Templeton attribute to waver in a purpose. I have informed you of my determination."

The Colonel smiled with grim satisfaction.

"Will you inform me why you sought my assistance?"

"I thought I had explained. I am virtually banished from the place, at least for the present. No doubt a little catering will restore me by-and-by, but meantime other influences may gain the ascendancy. She has elevated this young Hastings to be a kind of demi-god in her fancy, whom she is bound to worship after the orthodox precedent of romantic young ladies and their preservers. If he remains at the Grange he may work some serious mischief. Get the fellow out of the way and I can prosecute my suit without difficulty."

"But if as you fear, he has obtained such hold upon her, will his removal effect the desired end? Will she not rather brood over his absence and look forward to a reunion? None but a fool would neglect such an opportunity to gain wealth and position as her partiality presents, and my own observation teaches me that he is by no means indifferent."

"Neither was nor I, sir, have much faith in woman's constancy," returned Reginald coolly. "But I do not apprehend that matters are yet endangered. At any rate I have not yet seen the woman who could long resist my advances."

He straightened himself and shook out his leonine hair with self-conscious pride. He had full confidence in the irresistible power exerted by his handsome face and specious tongue.

"Faith, if rumor speaks truly you have created no small havoc among them. But you must remember Adria Ellesford is not of the common type. I give her credit for considerable penetration and more independence."

"Which shall lead her to acknowledge me?" asserted Reginald positively. "I think, sir, you are wandering from the strict business view you proposed taking of the affair. You embrace her claims ardently as I could desire from an outside party."

"I think you will admit the pertinence of my observations. Do you suppose she is most easily influenced by suggestions of duty or of impulse?"

"The former unquestionably."

Colonel Templeton remained silent for a moment.

"I think," he said, "it would be injudicious to attempt forcing the young man's departure. To do so would involve mystery and deceit which might arouse sympathy with him. He can not remain much longer and the impression he may have created will die a natural death. I think I can suggest a surer method of preferring your cause, but first I shall wish to settle preliminaries."

He paused. Reginald awaited silently.

"You must be aware that my finances are in a rather complicated state. I am in need of a considerable sum, the possession of which will advance both your chances of success and my own interests."

"You wish it furnished from my secured portion?"

"If your filial duty suggests such a course I shall not refuse your kindness."

Reginald's lip curled scornfully.

"How much?" he asked.

"You shall yourself determine the amount retained. I shall require the loan of twenty thousand dollars for a few weeks."

Reginald started to his feet with an oath.

"Half I possess," he exclaimed.

"I shall convince you of the safety of the enterprise. What would you say to investing in it the firm of Ellesford, Banks & Co.?"

The other looked amazed.

"Explain yourself," he demanded.

Colonel Templeton was commonly a man of few words, but the conversation which followed was lengthy and explicit. Its import and result will occur in proper time.

One minor item was decided upon. It was deemed expedient that Reginald should make speedy peace at the Grange, but should forbear to press his suit for a time.

Accordingly, he went over that very day and gained a few private words with Adria.

"Forgive me," he said humbly. "I will not pain you again, but you must let me see you sometimes. I will be contented with that. Away from you I am not myself. I grow desperate and am frightened at my own promptings. With your sympathy attending me I will endeavor to crush my hopeless love into a friend's adoption."

She was touched by his submission. There is no surer means of winning woman's sympathy than making her believe you feel your own unworthiness and her unapproachable superiority.

down, and permit almost any liberty with him. He seemed to regard his conqueror with real affection, and to feel a pleasure in anticipating his wishes.

Old Grizzly had ridden upon the back of Sampson, but it was done while the brute was under a spell of terror, and the animal manifested a curious repugnance against any one sitting upon his whale-like back.

"Yer've got to come to it!" exclaimed old Adams, somewhat petulantly. "Yer've got to carry me on yer back, and anybody else that wants to. Come, now, that's a good feller."

The bear was down, and the hunter put one of his long legs over his back, and then sat down rather gingerly.

Sampson gave an angry snort, and rising upon his forefeet, Old Grizzly slid down his smooth back upon the ground again.

"I wonder if yer could hold any more," muttered the old man, as he stepped back and viewed the ponderous proportions of the creature. "Ef I thought you could, I'd cram several more biffers down yer throat, and then mebbe you'd be a little more docile—confound yer!"

He now began "operating" upon the eye of the animal—gesticulating and motioning in a way that made it look as if he were teaching him the deaf and dumb alphabet.

It soon produced its effect; the bear was plainly a great deal more subdued, and when Old Grizzly vaulted up from the ground, alighting like an athlete upon his back, the brute made no resistance, and indeed showed no repugnance at all.

"Thar!" exclaimed the delighted bear-tamer. "I think that ar' is a success."

Old Grizzly had a peculiarly-made saddle, intended expressly to be used in riding Sampson, but he concluded that he would not put him under this at present. Those who saw the bear-tamer in after years, will remember that he took great pride in displaying it to the admiring thousands who came to see the monster himself.

The shaggy hair of the brute afforded a ready means for grasping and for holding one's self securely upon the great back of the animal, and so, slinging his rifle over his shoulder, where it was securely fastened, Old Grizzly clenched the hair of his pet and started him off, with the dog Blinker trotting at their side.

"Now, my ole Butterfly," called out the delighted hunter, "let's see what yer made of!"

The slow walk upon which Sampson started rapidly increased to an elephantic trot, while the rider showed as much delight as a schoolboy.

"Won't we wake up the varmints when we land among 'em? Wal, I rather guess we will. This yer's what I call fun!"

Just then Old Grizzly Adams felt a limp brush his face, and he attempted to dodge; but he wasn't quite soon enough, and was caught beneath the chin, and turned a back sommerset off of Sampson, that trotted composedly on, leaving his master to pick him up and overtake him.

This was speedily done, the giant creature obeying his voice as obediently as Blinker could have done himself. Such a trifling weight as that of a man was not noticed when it slid from his back, and he recognized his voice, and waited patiently until the bear-tamer mounted again.

"Now, go it, Hummin' Bird!" he called out, as he settled in position; "feel as though we war going to fetch um *someday!*"

And away went Sampson and his rider!

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### THE TRAPPER FRIEND.

THERE could be no doubt but that the Blackfeet were using every effort to capture Warrama the Avenger, and he was now very nearly caught in the outer grasp of an elaborate plan looking to that end.

From here, there, seemingly everywhere, came the sharp signal whoops of the Blackfeet who were centering all their efforts upon the single fleeing white man. The latruncular ran like a blood-hound; and, as the red-skins witnessed the speed with which the fugitive ran, their rifles began cracking here and there, and the bullets literally "whistled" about the ears of Bender, who did not relax his extraordinary efforts in the least.

These shots, like the others, were intended to disable and not to kill the white man. The dreadful torture scene was that for which the Blackfeet sighed, more than they did for the actual death itself, and not until it was morally certain that the capture of the Avenger was impossible, would Big Hand have permitted his death in this sudden and, as compared with the others, painless manner.

Fortunately for Bender, as he ran, he was unharmed, and his great speed was swiftly carrying him beyond all danger from this source, when an alarming and unexpected check took place.

Scarcely a hundred yards distant and directly in front of him, three Indians arose, apparently from the very ground, and with exultant whoops made directly toward him.

This necessitated another change of direction, and the fugitive made it on the instant, but he was thrown under such manifest disadvantage that he determined to turn at bay the very moment a favorable opportunity offered.

With this purpose in view, he headed toward a rocky section, directly at the base of the mountain, of such a wild, rugged character that it looked almost impassable, even for an Alpine chamois, but he bounded upward with the agility and skill of a monkey, seeming scarcely to moderate his speed in the least.

Warrama was not compelled to search long for such a spot. In this rough, rocky place there were all sorts of chasms and caverns, but in taking refuge in one, he wished to make sure that it possessed some capability of defense.

He was descending an unusually craggy place in this manner, when he dropped almost upon the shoulders of a man of large, heavy frame, who was attired in the garb of a hunter, and who was engaged in smoking his pipe and half dozing upon a broad rock where the sun had full play upon his feet.

"Hullo! what's up?" he demanded, catching up his rifle and springing to his feet.

"Blackfeet!" was the significant reply of Warrama; "have you got any place where a fellow can hide?"

"Dodge right into that hole!"

The trapper explained what he meant, by plunging like a frog into a dark circular hole about three feet in diameter, and the fugitive, without a moment's hesitation, did the same.

"Now give us a boost yer," added his newly found friend, applying his ponderous

shoulder to an immense bowlder, "and we'll soon shot out the rascallions."

A tremendous heave together, and the bowlder tipped into position, and the two men were shut in, just as a series of whoops and yells reached their ears.

"Let 'em howl!" muttered the trapper, "and see what good it does 'em; they hasn't got in yer yet, and I reckon it'll be ten or fifteen minutes afore they does."

"This is a regular fort," remarked Warrama, looking about the cavern and endeavoring to pierce the gloom.

"I've been chased in yer afore, but that hasn't any rascallion's followed me very fur—not much, I reckon."

"Don't I hear the sound of trickling water?" asked the Avenger, still vainly endeavoring to pierce the gloom behind him.

"Yas. This ole place runs back about twenty feet, and the back wall sweats so much all the time, that the water keeps droppin' down just as though there was a spring overhead."

"I should think it would make it rather damp."

"So it does, and that's what I like 'bout it; ef yer git cornered in yer for two or three years, yer see, you can get sunken to drink; that's what I was thinkin' 'bout five years ago, when I picked out this place."

"Have you been here ever since?"

"Only durin' trappin' time."

"But the trapping season is gone by—several weeks ago!"

"Edzactly—but that's a *cache* a mile or two away from yer, that I come to look arter, and while I war about it, I thought I'd come up yer and take a smoke, and that's what I war doin' when you kerfummed down upon me, in a way that give me an awful skeen."

"Have you any furs in yer nest eggs?"

"Where are you from?"

"St. Louey."

"Where is your horse?"

"He's a couple of miles away, in a grassy kyonon, eatin' grass an' waitin' till I come arter him."

"Unless the Blackfeet take him for you."

"No danger of the rascallions finding him, and if they did he wouldn't let 'em put that hands on him."

"He must be quite a sagacious brute," remarked Warrama, who was not a little pleased with his new acquaintance, who, as the shrewdness of the horse were fully explained thereby, simply remarked :

"I trained the critter."

"Have you never been troubled by the Indians, while making this your head-quarters?"

"Oh! yes: 'xpect it reg'lar every season."

"How is it you beat them off?"

"Wal, they git tired; I keel that ar' stone over, an' afore they kin get in, they've got to roll that away, an' afore they kin roll that away, they've got to dodge about a hundred bullets from my gun, an' I haven't found the rascallion's kin do that quite."

"You are prepared then?"

"Allers; I keep 'nough fodder in yer to last me a month or two, an' then you hear the water drop, drop, drop, all the time; so what more do yer want?"

"Have you food now?"

"Plenty of it; I just as lief spend a week in yer as not, fur that ain't no danger of gettin' hurt, an' you're sure to have a good chance to pick off plenty of the rascallins'ns."

The Avenger was about to remark that he would be glad to keep him company for such a time, when he recollects the work before him.

"Had I the time, I would be glad to stay with you; but I must get out of here before to-morrow morning at least!"

"Have you food now?"

"Plenty of it; I just as lief spend a week in yer as not, fur that ain't no danger of gettin' hurt, an' you're sure to have a good chance to pick off plenty of the rascallins'ns."

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Leaping Elk gained admittance, although not without considerable difficulty.

The Indian youth showed his love in his looks, words, and in every gesture and movement he made, and Young Eagle, touched by his devotion, reciprocated the demonstrations, much to the delight of Leaping Elk, who said that he had seen Old Grizzly but a short time before, and that he bore a message from him.

And here the devoted youth indulged in a dissimulation, which, perhaps, was excusable under the circumstances—saying that Old Grizzly bid him say that the captive should be saved from the death to which he had been sentenced.

But the youth failed to tell by what means he was to be rescued.

This assurance, added to the feeling inspired by Silver Tongue, and the declaration of Leaping Elk, who gladly would have seen any other sacrificed a thousand times to save his new "brother", gave the captive youth the strongest hope of a fortunate turn of events.

The interview was of the most pleasing character, and, although Leaping Elk could make no definite promise, he departed with the admonition to Alfred to be prepared during the day or coming night for an attempt at rescue in some shape or other.

He had scarcely departed when the captives were startled by a most dismal wailing and moaning that must have come from hundreds of voices. He sprang to his feet, wondering what it could mean; but, after listening a moment, he sat down again, knowing the cause of such a doleful tumult.

The Blackfeet were lamenting for their warriors who had fallen the day before, in the fierce conflict in the hills, and who had just been buried. Among these were some of the best and bravest of the tribe, and their mourning was sincere and universal.

The deafening, dismal wailing and chanting was scarcely interrupted for hours, and the youth was convinced that it would be carried far into the night, and with this belief came the thought that the most favorable time for a rescue would be on this succeeding night.

"They are absorbed with mourning," he thought, "and do not dream of any such thing, but in what shape will it come? At any rate, I shall keep awake and be ready."

Only one thought gave him pain. Where was Silver Tongue? Why had she not paid him another visit? His heart had been beating fast, for several hours, under the belief that she would appear before him again.

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quiet, except that all hands were put to work.

Then Loo began to feel ill. The confinement, the want of exercise, and change, and food, told fearfully upon her. Her eyes became unnaturally large, her cheeks pale and wan, and her whole frame shadowy and weak.

Edward saw that something must be done, and that quickly.

The fourth night, after having with great difficulty persuaded her to remain alone, he saw carefully to the loading of his gun, and began his descent toward the camp of the enemy. His design was to obtain some vegetables, and any thing else that fell in his way.

Great caution, however, was necessary, as the pirates would be on the look-out. His only course was to pass through the thicket, and thus reach his own hut, now doubtless used by the chief.

It was close to the thicket.

After a long and tedious journey—but devotion will overcome every difficulty—it reached the desired spot.

The bandits slept at their camp-fires without one sentry. There was a light in the hut, but no sound of voices.

There was a small window at the back, for light and air, and this the boy buccaneer approached with intense caution.

He peered through.

On a rude bench sat Captain Gantling—haggard, worn, pale, his eyes sunk in his head, his cheek-bones protruding, and his whole look being that of one devoured with remorse.

He half-dozed, his eyes fixed on vacancy, while muttered words escaped his thin and livid lips.

Before him, on the table manufactured by Edward and Loo, was a small roast leg of pork, some biscuit, and an untouched bottle of wine. These Ned Drake unhesitatingly transferred to the wallet he carried—in this committing a small act of piracy, under the circumstances, quite venial.

The captain put his hand mechanically forward to reach a horn cup of brandy, and as he did so his eyes fell upon the pale and menacing countenance of Edward, one instant seen—then away.

"More tortures; is he, too, dead?—and comes he to reprove me with my crime? Will this never cease?"

His eyes fall on the table—he misses the supper, and at once the truth flashes across his mind.

"It is himself. What mystery can there be?—how came he here?"

And he stepped out, just as the figure of the boy disappeared in the thicket.

"Ned Drake," he said, "come back; you are safe with me on my word."

"Give me back my father," cried the boy, hither, as he darted away under cover of the gloom.

"Great Heaven!" gasped the pirate chief; "how can he have learned—who could have told him? Mine enemy who has escaped me?"

And he re-entered the hut, to drink more heavily of the brandy, which was now his only solace.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE PIRATE CAMP.

NED DRAKE felt a stern and savage dislike of the man supposed by the admiral to have killed his father; and, much as he desired to leave the island, he preferred an eternal exile, to trusting himself within his grasp. He knew the lawless character of the men he had to deal with, and instinctively he hesitated to put one so gentle and so much loved as Loo, in their power.

The moment he disappeared in the dark and gloomy thicket behind the pirate encampment, he walked hurriedly away. He had left the young girl in a state of mind and body quite sufficient to excite alarm and anxiety, and he was fearful that she might be desirous to follow him.

It was nearly dawn when he was once again in sight of the cavern, and there, as he expected, he found Loo, her face haggard and wan, watching for him with intense anxiety. She could hardly believe that he really had returned, after trusting himself near those dreadful men, who excited in her bosom the most intense fear and dislike.

"You surely have not been in the camp?" she cried, when the brave young lad showed his plunder. "What a fearful risk!"

"You would have died, Loo, had I failed," and without another word, he pressed refreshment on her, after which the impious necessities of fatigue induced him to seek repose.

Late in the afternoon they awoke and had a long conversation. Loo was anxious that they should remain concealed closely until the departure of the pirates took place, when they would be able to return to their home, and wait the arrival of some other vessel of a more respectable character.

Edward reasoned differently. He was particularly anxious to know the intentions of the pirate chief. There was something in his manner that closely resembled remorse, and it might be useful to him to know what ever he could pick up by overhearing the captain's conversation with his men.

He resolved, therefore, to start early, and to conceal himself within hearing of the buccaneers, and, if possible, thus to learn their future intentions.

They must know that the island was inhabited, and by this time the captain must suspect by whom.

Would he depart without making an effort to find the fugitive, whose presence must have particularly puzzled him?

"Let me go with you," said Loo, earnestly; "it is so lonely."

"You will only insure my capture," he replied, gravely; "alone, if discovered, I might escape; but together, it would be impossible."

Loo pouted and sat down. She was a young lady not in the habit of being contradicted, but at the same time very sensible. She made no further remark, however, but making up a fresh fire, she prepared anxiously to await his return.

Ned only paused for the dusk to fall, and then boldly and fearlessly, he started on his way.

The way was more familiar to him now, and he reached the spot about an hour after sundown. Creeping through the thicket, he again peered forth.

A very picturesque scene presented itself to his view. The whole crew were at their meals, seated round the little camp-fire which had served to cook their repast. They were chiefly smoking; and, as their fierce and begrimed faces were lit up by the flickering light, they did indeed look a lawless gang.

Most naval countries were represented.

There were Englishmen, Scotchmen, Dutch, Bretons and Italians, with here and there a face which bespoke genuine African origin. These negroes—originally victims—become the most atrocious of villains when once corrupted—just as in gambling-houses, the softest pigeon often becomes the cruellest rook.

They were talking in small groups, but only one excited the attention of Edward Drake.

Close to him, and within reach of his gun-barrel, sat the captain and Jabez Grumm.

The former had been drinking, but not much; the latter had been drinking freely, but without much impression being made upon his great head.

Close by him there was a third individual, whose face was unfamiliar to Ned; he had been shipped, most probably, at Rio de Janeiro.

He was an undersized, bullet-headed, beetle-browed savage, with hair black and curly like a negro. His lips were thick, his eyes small and restless; his form was that of a stunted Hercules.

"Gumm," said the captain, in a low, confidential whisper, "do you believe the dead ever come back to meet us?"

"Donner und blitzen!" cried the other; "they say so. But I don't know, and don't care. I'm more afraid of a good rope, or a volley of musketry, than of any thing from the other world."

"I fear nothing in this world. But last night, wide awake as I am now, I saw and spoke with young Ned Drake, whose vessel must have been wrecked and all hands drowned."

"I wonder you did not see the ghost of all hands," replied Jabez Grumm.

"Do not joke," said Captain Gantling, warily "as it was I state. I wish the boy had never come aboard on this voyage."

"So do a good many," observed Grumm, drily. "The Jonah—he has spoiled our voyage."

"That has to be seen. When our vessel is once refitted, and again we sail under the true flag, it shall go hard but I get you all ample prize money. It is not that I fear—I had my private reasons for securing that vessel." It is now too late, they have surely gone to the bottom."

"It's my candid opinion that the youngster is skulking about; and if you will spare me and Jacobs here, see if I don't find the young rascal before we go. The crew owes him a grudge."

"Should Edward Drake be on this island alive, he is my prisoner, and no harm shall be done to him. Leave him to me," said the captain; "but it is impossible. This hut must be the habitation of some runaway sailor. I shall turn in."

And he strolled away within the hut, the entrance of which he closed.

The two inferior pirates remained alone. These men were united by the bond of intense mutual ruffianism. They had, in days gone by, when on board another vessel, committed crimes which would have made any other men pass sleepless and miserable nights; but in these true limbs of Satan conscience slumbered.

"Who is this, and why does the captain feel so hurt about him?"

"A young whelp whom the captain brought up from childhood, and who has turned spy. I've missed him twice; but if so he's on this here island, I'll be upsides with him this time. What say you, Jacobs—will you join in the haul?"

"That will I. Pity I haven't got one of my dogs. The thing would be done," said the newly-enrolled pirate. "Ah! them dogs is a fine institution. People talk about sporting, but blast me if there's any thing like a good man-hunt."

"We'll be our own dogs to-morrow. I know this island pretty tidy, and he's an artful chap if he keeps out of my way. Now, if we find him, I shouldn't wonder but he'll leave his bones on the place. I ain't particularly fond of his company on board."

"What will the captain say?" asked Jacobs.

"I don't care a fig; he's getting half-spoony," laughed Grumm.

"He ain't like old Roberts," said Jacobs—a produce of Ratcliffe Highway—his father a Portuguese, his mother a black woman—"those were the times. He was like a freebooter. In his days many a rich bark was plundered, and yet no tongue betrayed the secret, for sunken ships and murdered seamen followed each deed of rapine, and that they never reached a port, was falsely accused to storm or some maritime calamity; but he fooled us after all."

"That was some time after I left," observed the bigger ruffian.

"Yes; it seems that crime and cruelty palled upon him; that some strange fancy for home crossed his brain, so that he secretly determined to abandon a rover's life. We had rich booty in gold, plate and jewels, which he resolved to appropriate to himself, deserting the ship and crew."

"A pretty scoundrel!" muttered Jabez, between his teeth.

"He and a confederate packed the whole in parcels of a convenient size, and going into Cuba to refit, they contrived, before the hour of distribution came, to carry all ashore and sail for England."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Jabez, "it was cleverly done, and saved the men many a splitting headache and murderous quarrel. Fill, and drink to the success of our hunt-morror."

The other, nothing loth, willingly consented, and the orgie continued.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 79.)

## Wild Western Scenes.

### The Buffalo-hunt.

BY CAPT. BRUNI ADAMS.

I remember once to have heard an old trapper ask one of his companions what had been the most exciting moment of his life.

Without an instant's hesitation the reply was, "My first buffalo-hunt." And I think it would be safe to say that such is the experience of every man who has seen any thing of "border life."

It is true the novelty soon wears off, and we learn to mount and dash into or after the herd without even a quickening of the pulse, slaying the great brutes as a matter of business rather than pleasure, to obtain fresh meat or perhaps the hides for market, but still the memory of that first hunt never loses its freshness, and we always look back upon it as the supreme moment of our lives.

Of course there are many ways of pursuing the chase.

The "still-hunt," where skill, patience and a thorough knowledge of the animal and its ways are requisite for success. The "drive," where the horsemen approach the herd under cover of timber or thicket as close as is possible, and then suddenly charge, trusting to the fleetness of their steeds to bring them to close quarters. The "surround," a mode usually adopted by the Indians, who hunt in large parties, and when, as the word would suggest, the game is surrounded, the circle closed, and fearful slaughter the result.

There is still another way, barbarous in the extreme, and which, fortunately, requires a peculiar kind of country before it can be put in practice.

In some portions of the great plains that lie along the base of the mountain chains, the earth is cut, by the action of the water, descending from the uplands into barrancas, or gullies, the sides of which are perfectly perpendicular, and which are often of great depth.

When a herd of buffalo are discovered in these localities, should it be the proper season, the neighboring tribe of Indians, or chance hunting party who are out after game, quickly avail themselves of the opportunity, and prepare to bag the herd at once.

I say only shot, because at the crack of my piece the bull pitched heavily forward on his knees, bellowing fearfully, strove desperately to regain his feet, but failing, rolled over on his side, perfectly dead. I had literally "dropped him in his tracks," a thing that don't often happen once in a whole season's hunting.

I had now leisure to look about me.

The field was much scattered (by the field I mean the drove of buffaloes), and here and there, all over the plain, I caught sight of puffs of white smoke, marking where my companions were at work.

I could see already more than a dozen dark beasts lying about the prairie, giving ocular proof that the boys were not wasting lead.

These dark spots, or heaps, were the marks of buffaloes that had fallen in the level plain.

The tactics used are much the same as those of the "surround," save that the animals are inclosed on all sides save one, and in that direction the great barranca yawns in the level plain.

The semicircle of yelling warriors is swiftly contracted: the frightened herd dash wildly here and there for a moment, and then the leading bulls, discovering the only mode of escape through the gap purposely left, break away closely followed by the others, and then the mighty war-rolls resistlessly to be ingulfed.

As the leading animals approach the chasm they sight the danger and strive to bear to right or left, or even turn back, but the pressure from behind urges them onward, and so rank after rank are hurled over the precipice.

But the "drive" is not only the most sportsmanlike, but the most exciting of all, but at the same time the hunter is exposed to some real danger.

An incident occurred in the fall of '56, while we were on the great plains adjacent to the Yellowstone, will, perhaps, serve my purpose here better than any regular description of what a buffalo-hunt, a "drive," is.

As the leading animals approach the chasm they sight the danger and strive to bear to right or left, or even turn back, but the pressure from behind urges them onward, and so rank after rank are hurled over the precipice.

Our fresh meat had long since disappeared, we not daring to hunt, and even the jerked was scarce.

Ward was brought into camp early one morning that a large herd of buffaloes was grazing upon the prairie beyond a low range of hills, and as no Indians had been seen for several days, and as Old Rube said, we all hankered for a rump or juicy rib, the word was given to mount and "go for 'em."

Upon the crest of the high ground half the company were posted to keep watch, while the remainder of us, after looking carefully to our arms, rode slowly down the descent toward a narrow belt of timber that stretched away at right-angles with the hills.

We had not yet sighted the game. They were still beyond a bit of high ground, feeding, so our scout had informed us, about half a mile out on the immense prairie that stretched away unbroken for more than a hundred miles westward and southward.

As the sun rose above the mountains bordering the river, we gained the crest of the swell, where from the shelter of a few scattered bushes, we looked out upon a scene that would have warmed up the most indifferent sportsman.

We had not yet sighted the game. They were still beyond a bit of high ground, feeding, so our scout had informed us, about half a mile out on the immense prairie that stretched away unbroken for more than a hundred miles westward and southward.

From the foot of the high ground upon which we stood, the prairie lay level as far as the eye could reach, covered with a growth of buffalo-grass, the favorite food of the animal, with here and there patches of deeper green that marked where the meadow-grass grew.

The herd, a very large one, was feeding southward, the nearest animals being something less than half a mile from our post of observation.

It required but a glance from the hunters to determine the plan of attack, and our forces were rapidly divided in a manner best suited to carry it out successfully.

The belt of timber through which we had passed to reach our present position grew along the banks of a small creek, which for a mile or so ran due north and south, and then suddenly performing a bold curve, swept off toward the south and west.

As I have said, the buffalo were feeding southward, and hence if they continued to do so long enough they must approach and perhaps pass through the belt.

Retreating some little distance so as to get behind the swell we crossed the creek in a body and rode rapidly to the point selected from whence to break cover, which was reached without alarming the game.

With a rapidity that can only be attained by long experience in such matters, each hunter was assigned his part of the herd, either right, left, center or somewhere intermediate, for which was to ride.

This is done to prevent confusion, as well as to lessen the danger of any receiving a stray ball in the hurry-skurry of the first charge.

The herd have fled to within one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards of the timber, and we see that now is the time to break cover and trust to our horses' heels for close quarters. But, suddenly, the leading bulls have halted, and, after throwing up their massive heads impatiently, they are stamping the hard prairie, and uttering a peculiar low, bellowing sound.

It is the signal of danger to the balance of the herd, and signs of flight are manifested on

## "IF!"

BY JOS. F. MORAN.

I know a girl who has big black eyes,  
An' she is both han'sum an' fair to see;  
But if them ar' eyes was small an' gray,  
How ugly this young girl then would be!

An' I know a young feller who, when he is dressed  
In the latest fashin', cuts a big swell;  
If it was the style uv our grandfather's days  
It wouldn't become him wun' quarter as well.

Then that's my old woman who always finds fault,  
An' the greatest old scold ever I did see;  
But if she couldn't make em use uv her tongue  
Wot at meet old woman she then would be!

I've read the fox wantin' sumthin' to eat,  
An' he wished for sum grapeses his hunger to cure;  
If they'd only been within reach uv his paw,  
He would have had sum for his supper, I'm sure.

I hear'd tell u'r Washington's tellin' the truth,  
Which saved him from gettin' the dreaded lashin';  
For if, stead o' that, he had told a big lie,  
His master would have given him an awful big thrashin'.

A cert'in young lady got mad at her beau,  
Fur when biddin' good, the young man never kissed her;  
If she had kissed him twould hav' done jest as well.  
But the happy idea I s'pose must have missed her!

I once know'd a man by the name uv John Smith,  
So kind-hearted, he'd lend you hit very last cent.  
If that wusn't so memmy John Smiths, I invoke Heaven's most terrible anathemas upon thy accursed life!

But, to cap the hull climax, I once knew a man,  
Who died shortly after he took him a wife,  
An' if I'd keep on with this here 'farnal ryme  
I could tell why the poor feller ended his life!

## The Gipsy's Curse.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

In the mellow gloaming of a departing autumnal day stood a youthful twain upon a precipice that overlooked the boisterous English Channel.

The youth held the maiden's hands in both of his, and looked deeply into her pretty cerulean eyes, that sparkled and danced beneath long nut-brown lashes.

"Erminie," he said, "again I have disobeyed the stern injunctions of my only parent to meet thee, the sweet idol of my visions, upon the hallowed spot where first I spoke of love to woman fair. Girl, were he to find us here I know not what would follow. The De Courcy becomes a whirlwind when anger usurps his heart-throne. This morn he said to me: 'Boy, if you meet that girl—he did not say 'girl,' Erminie, but that is the word I will use—yes, if you greet her in any way, by the will of heaven! I separate you forever!'

"But, Erminie," De Courcy's heir continued, "happy in each other's love, we will brave his anger. The white-crested waves that now ride across the channel oft become calm. Thus with my father, the earl. When he discovers, as sooner or later he must, that he can not separate our loves, he will submit to the decrees of a Power higher than himself."

Following young Hugh De Courcy's sentence, with the rapidity of thought, the word "never!" rent the balmy air.

The next instant Ralph De Courcy sprung between the devoted lovers.

"Curse, you low-born girl!" he cried, his eyes afire with the terrible passion that consumed his heart. "Your beauty would ruin the De Courcys, as the beauty of Egypt's voluptuous queen ruined Antony. What! think you that my son and heir should wed a low-born gipsy? No! Virginian-like, I'd slay him first, and throw his soulless form to yon boisterous waves."

And he tore the lovers' hands apart, and hurled Erminie from him.

"Father! father! what do you do?" shrieked Hugh, darting past his parent, with outstretched arms, for the girl tottered upon the edge of the cliff!

But Hugh De Courcy was too late to save. With a cry of despair that floated far out upon the channel, the girl wildly clutched at space, and fell headlong from the precipice!

Horror-stricken, father and son gazed into each other's face, and the dreadful silence that followed was of long duration.

"Boy," at last cried Sir Ralph, "her blood be upon your skirts not mine. You persuaded her to meet you here to-night—persuaded her against my commands—and you are responsible for the terrible result. Did I not say that a disobedience of my behests would separate you and your gipsy love forever? Now, Hugh De Courcy, you are free from the fowler's net—though it cost a life to free you. Now, come with me to the mansion, and sign the betrothal bond between yourself and Bertie, the heiress of Mosslands."

"Never!" cried the son, throwing his right hand aloft. "Father—murderer were a more appropriate name—I never love again, nor shall this hand press other maiden's save she whom, in the incarnation of purity, you have slain. Though a gipsy's child, father, she was worthy a De Courcy's love. Her soul, ah! that sinless soul! Would to God, father, that yours were half so free of stain. You may plot for Bertie Courtland, but I never willed. I go to wrest from the waves the purest freight they ever bore," and with this he disappeared in a path leading down the cliff.

And Ralph De Courcy returned to his manor, muttering that, in time, Bertie Courtland would become his daughter.

All through that long autumn night Hugh searched for the woman he loved. With lanterns borrowed from the untutored inhabitants of the beach, he searched every cape and cave, but was forced to the awful conclusion that the wild waves had borne Erminie forever from his sight.

From the beach he proceeded to the magnificent stables attached to the estate.

Entering one, he caparisoned his favorite horse, and rode away like the boreal blast.

"Richland, adieu!" he cried, pausing upon an accivity which overlooked the possessions of the De Courcys. "And thou, murderer—though my father—a long farewell. The land I loved I now hate, and a restless wanderer, until death, becomes Hugh De Courcy."

He rode down the street and disappeared.

While Hugh De Courcy rode from the place of his birth, the earl paced his luxurious library.

He knew not of his son's flight, and thought that he had triumphed over love.

Suddenly a heavy step in the hall roused him, and, looking up, he beheld a wild-looking creature standing in the doorway.

Her garments and personal appearance proclaimed her a gipsy, who, in all probability,

belonged to the nomadic band encamped upon the Courtland possessions.

Sir Ralph paused and confronted his weird visitor, who, without invitation, stalked forward and threw herself upon a chair. The earl frowned at her forwardness, and dropped into his arm-chair at her side.

"Well," he said, in a gruff voice, "what do you want?"

"My child!" the woman cried, looking straight into the earl's eyes.

"Your child?" he echoed. "Woman, I know naught of your offspring."

"Ralph De Courcy, do not mock me," she cried. "Last night Erminie and your son stood upon the Devil's Crag. You came between them, and—where's my child?"

The earl was silent.

A moment later the gipsy sprung to her feet, with such violence as to hurl her chair to the floor.

"You've killed my child, Ralph De Courcy!" she shrieked. "Erminie, whom I have loved through so many years. Oh! heaven curse this man—this titled murderer!" and she towered before the earl with uplifted hands and clenched.

"Visit him, righteous Judge, with afflictions that break the heart but do not kill. May he become a landless lord, a childless father, a man hating himself, and tired of life, but yet afraid to die. Thus, Ralph De Courcy, I invoke Heaven's most terrible anathemas upon thy accursed life!"

During the pronouncing of the gipsy's curse, Ralph De Courcy shrank from the speaker, as though her touch were contagion.

Something indescribable and indefinable told him that that curse was doomed to become a prophecy, as true as the prophecies of Holy Writ.

He buried his face in his hands to shut out the past that came swarming back, and when he looked up again the wild creature was gone, and a servant stood in her place.

"Well?" demanded the earl.

"Your son has fled, never, he told me, to return."

Ralph De Courcy groaned from the depth of his heart.

"The curse, the curse!" he muttered, staggering from the room. "Every word of it will be fulfilled."

A wild storm raged along the English coast, and swept across the channel with relentless fury.

In the small apartment of a light-house sat two men.



He recovered, thanks to the care bestowed upon him by his father and Erminie.

Mutely, De Courcy turned to the girl.

"That night!" she said. "A fishing-smack picked me up, and, at my own wish, placed me upon a vessel sailing from the channel. In France fate decreed that Hugh and I should meet again. There we also encountered her who has long called me daughter. She is dead now, and I return to England and a father's embrace."

"All over the range they chased the lad, high up an' low down, in wallys an' gulches an' canyins, an' evrywhar he marked ther trail wi' the blood uv the best warriors in ther tribe."

"Sumhow er other word war fetched in Rube an' the fellers, who war trappin' down on the Forks, that the thing war goin' on, an' though that war on'y thirteen in the party, they puts for the moutins ter take a hand in the bizness."

"They got that too late to do the boy eny good, but heard their story uv ther chase an' runt from his own mouth, an' arter he war dead buried him in ther canyin."

"It wur the mornin' uv ther fourth, the boy sed, arter the 'Paches sot fairly to work to capture him, that they hed drawn in thar lines aroun' a high peak that lifted right over the canyin whar his ranch war. He hed took to this es ther last chance, hopin' to find a openin' outen which he mout creep, but they hilf too tight a watch, an' he war druv back at evry p'int."

"Three times a warrior closed wi' the lad, an' evry time he rubbed out his man."

"Onec they hed him penned onto a cliff that hed but one trail by which enny thing 'cept a bighorn ked travel, an' then they war sartin uv tha game."

"Four uv the imps kem at him."

"The fo'most he throw'd in his tracks wi' his rifle; ther next he bus't wide open wi' ther pieces clubbed! An' the third he sard her same way. Ther last 'un, a powerful big feller, he closed wi' an' knifed afore the imp knew what war up, an' got clair uv the clif an' up the mountin'."

"But it wain't no go. Slow but sartin they closed in on him, every now an' then losin' a warrior till they got so despit that they broke kiver, an' though they knew shore death war waitin' the leadin' ones, they charged straight up to whar the boy stood."

"Ye war at his last stand. He hedn't go no further. Behind him ther cliff riz straight up wi' out break or seam; on one side an' in front ther canyin opened, an' on the other side a narrer path, up which the 'Paches war comin' like a passel uv mad devils."

"Thar ain't much more to tell 'bout it."

"Es mout 'a' been expected, ther fast red-skin went down wi' the boy's bullet bullet-center between the eyes."

"Another one sailed over ther precipice wi' hardly enny head left, but the third 'un rushed in, an', afore the boy ked reckver from dealin' ther last blow, knocked ther

rifle outen his hands wi' a lick uv the tommy-hack an' grupped him fur a death hug."

"Thar warn't room on the ledge whar they wur tusslin' for more'n two people, an' they wur a'ready thar; so yer see, none uv the others ked git round to help; an' what war more, they kedn't shoot fer fear uv hittin' ther own kind."

"It must 'a' been a despit fount. Rube sed ther rocks all over whar it took place wur as red es a beet wi' blood."

"How long it lasted the poor lad kedn't say, but it couldn't 'a' been no great while, frum ther wangs uv the wondws in their red nigger's karkidge."

"Ther hev uv it, bowsomdever, wur the both fit and fit, till nigh about gone, an' then, when the lad see the others gettin' ready to come out and finish him off, he grabbed his man an' pulled him over the cliff."

"Jess at the minit, Rube an' the other fellers kem up the canyin, an' them as wur ahead saw the boy and the 'Pache pitch over an' kem tumblin' down."

"The 'Pache war stone dead afore they got to 'em, but ther war a leetle life left in the lad."

"Rube stayed wi' him while 't others fixed fer to meet the red-skins as they kem down; but they'd got enuff fer ther day, I tell yer, an' ther whole lot mizzled, leavin' ther dead comrade to be skulped, which war a unkinmunk sarcumstance."

"It war durin' this time that the boy tolle Rube all about ther thing."

"I guy 'em a leetle —" sed Tom, "it hain't worth while. The boy'll hev his way spite uv all creation, an' that ain't no use a-wastin' breath on him."

"Arter that I didn't say nothin' more, but Jess waited fur to see the upshot, an' it warn't long a-comin'. In fact, it war ther very next winter when I run ag'in' Rube up ther Black Hills, an' he telle me all about it."

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"Rube tolle him he warnt dead yet, an' sed es how he mout git well, but the boy shook his head, and sez:

"Nary git well, Rube. I broke all ter pieces, 'sides these holes; but I don't mind. My turn hed to him."

"Rube tolle him he war Jess the gamest chap es ever he see, an' the boy sed, an' it war his last:

"Game! Well, I kedn't well be enny ter see, else sein' es how I'm—Tom Dickson's Boy!"

**Some Advice.**—Never marry a man till you have seen him eat. Let him pass through the ordeal of eating soft-boiled eggs. If he can do it, and leave his table-spread, the napkin and his shirt unspotted, take him. Try next with a spare-rib. If he accomplishes this feat without putting out one of his eyes, or pitching the bones into your lap, name the wedding-day—he'll do to tie to.

## Short Stories from History.

## The Fate of Authors—(continued).

But the sufferings of men of genius in other countries are nothing when compared to their distresses in England. "We know not where," says a writer, "among the same number of men, occupied in the same pursuit, so many instances of unhappiness could be discovered, as among the British poets."

Look at the reward for their labors. Milton sold the copyright of his inimitable "Paradise Lost" for fifteen pounds; could it have brought less if it had been held up to sale amid a group of naked savages? Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold in the hour of distress, with little distinction from any other work in that class of composition; and "Evelina" produced five guineas from the niggardly trader! Dr. Johnson fixed the price of his "Biography of the Poets" at two hundred guineas; the booksellers, in the course of twenty-five years, probably got five thousand.

Rushworth and Rymer, to whose collections English history stands so deeply indebted, spent the vigor of their lives in forming them; till Rymer, in the utmost distress, was obliged to sell his books and his fifty volumes of MSS., which he could not get printed; and Rushworth, being arrested for debt, was committed to the King's Bench Prison, where he dragged out the last six years of his life in the most wretched condition.

Granger says of his elaborate and admirable biography: "On a fair state of my account, it would appear that my labors in the improvement of my work do not amount to *half the pay of a scavenger!*" He received only one hundred pounds to the time of Charles I., and was to depend on public favor for the continuation. The sale was sluggish; even Walpole seemed doubtful of its success, and probably secretly envied the skill of our portrait painter. It was too philosophical for the mere collector; and it took near ten years before it reached the hands of philosophers. The author derived little profit, and never lived to see its popularity established.

During the time that that oracle of all classes, "Moore's Almanac," was conducted by Henry Andrews, the sale rose to four hundred and thirty thousand annually; for which this extraordinary man never received more than twenty-five pounds a year (\$125).

After such instances of niggardly requital, need we wonder at the tragic conclusion to which many of our finest writers have come?

Spenser, the charming Spenser, died forsaken and in want; Otway was suffocated through the rapacity of hunger; Butler and Dryden struggled through life in a state of the most precarious indigence; Chatterton went mad from sheer want; and Dekker, Cotton, Savage, and Lloyd breathed their last in jails.